Vol. CXXXVII. No. 1784.

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THE BYSTANDER FEBRUARY 23, 1938.

The BYSTANDER

A. G. Macdonell : D. B. Wyndham Lewis
Herbert Farjeon : Howard Marshall

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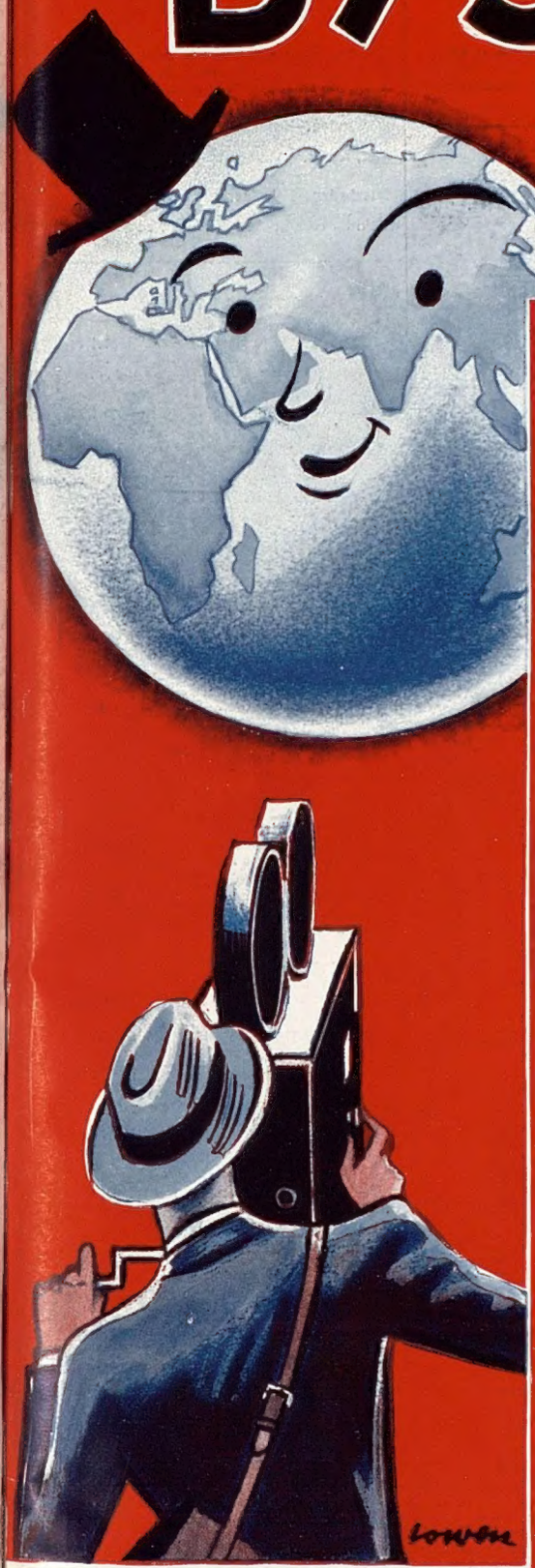

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The Bystander

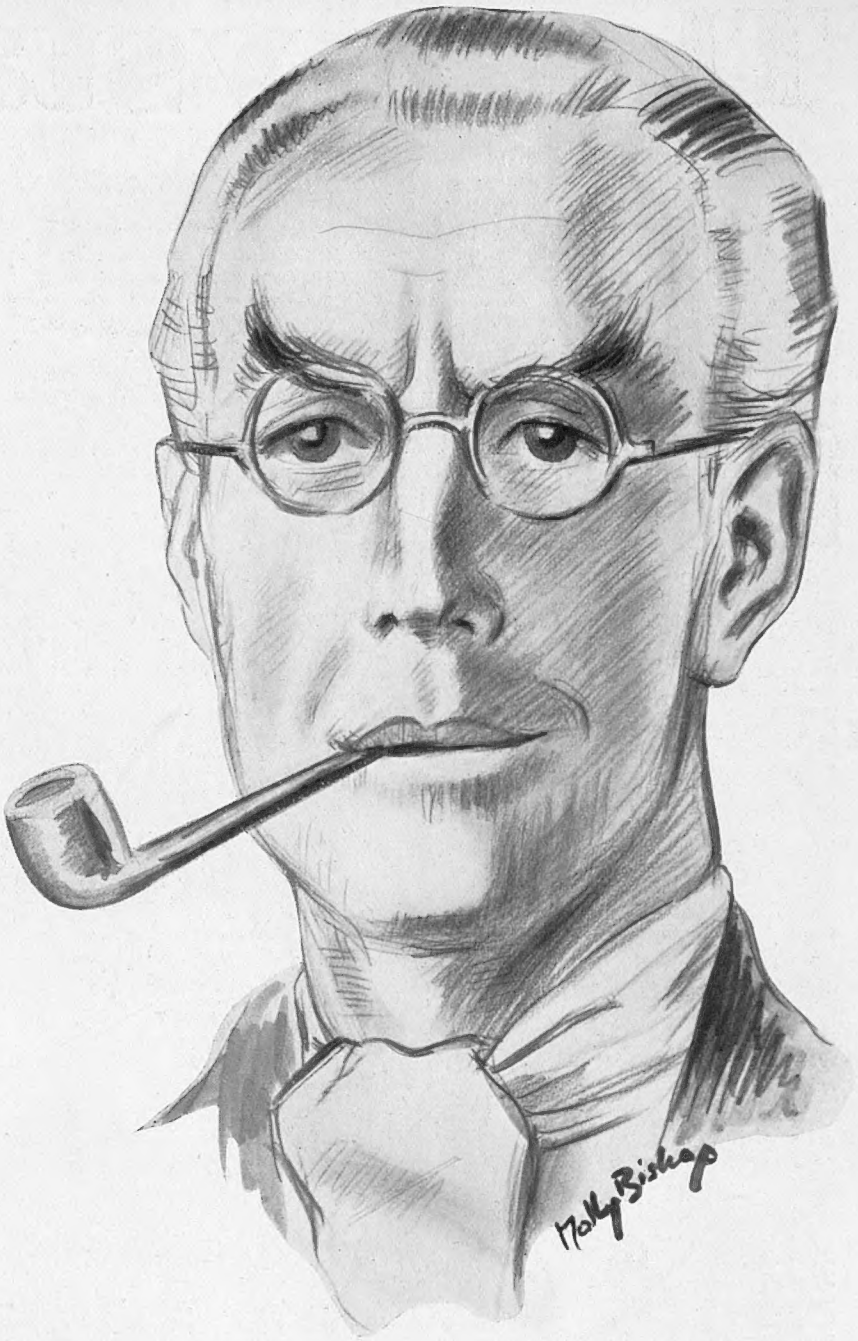
C.B E.—Miss Harriet Cohen, Mrs. Clara Fyfe, Miss Gracie Fields

Music, politics and the music-hall received the C.B.E. from the hands of the King last week in the persons of Harriet Cohen, the pianist, Mrs. Clara Fyfe, chairman of the Council of the National Union of Conservative and Unionist Associations, and Gracie Fields. They left Buckingham Palace together after the Investiture, carrying their big envelopes and looking pleased at being Commanders of the Most Excellent Order to which they have been admitted. Gracie Fields, casting off her morning's official disguise of "Grace, Mrs. Selinger," gave a party to celebrate her C.B.E. in the evening at the Dorchester

More Celebrities in Cameo

No. 60

Harold Dearden



HAROLD DEARDEN (he took his name off the Medical Register in 1927) is rapidly becoming our leading author-criminologist. He has always been interested in crime, if only because his patients used to include perverts, givers of dud cheques, and others who found it tedious to keep inside conventional bounds. But it has only been in the past five years that he has concentrated on his hobby. With his fine head, distinguished grey hair and tall figure, he looks like the advocate of fiction. With his analytical brain and precise knowledge of the value of words, he might very well carve out a new career even now at the Bar. Actually, of course, he is making much too much money with his pen to contemplate this. His very first commission to write for the *Cosmopolitan Magazine* called for £250, rising to £600, per short story. And he had never written fiction before. That series, and his play, *Interference*, which brought him £14,000, proved the turning-point of his life, and enabled him to give up his practice altogether. But perhaps we had better begin at the other end.

His father (as you can gather from *The Wind of Circumstance*) was a tough Victorian mill-owner in Lancashire, with a beard and a habit of deceiving his wife. For Dearden is frank enough in this partial autobiography. The sole criterion by which he was guided in the selection of his material was " that the incident should be of interest itself. . . . I have not allowed myself to be deterred from describing any incident by what I regard as false modesty." Incidentally, the book only takes you as far as the outbreak of war. It tells nothing of his appointment as M.O. to the 3rd Battalion of the Grenadier Guards, nor consequently of his tin-hat being caved in twice by shell splinters. It was this, however, that gave Dearden his agreeable stammer, while depriving him of all further interest in psychological medicine. The war over, he undertook a remarkable job. He sold glass patents all over the United States for Clarence Hatry, netting £8000 for himself. This he " blued "-in in a couple of years, and as the after effects of the war made it impossible for him to keep up his practice, except at irregular intervals, he bought himself a typewriter and wrote *The Technique of Living*. (He still composes on to it, though he has to have a secretary to make a fair copy of each page.)

Like most top-notch authors, I may add, he keeps grocers' hours. In other words, he starts work each day at 9.30 and continues until 1 p.m. He is then free until next morning. An average day's work is 2000 words. Dearden belongs to the Garrick and the Arts, dislikes people who pose; drinks nothing but beer, burgundy and brandy, and is fond of potted shrimps, wrestling, boxing, and cigars. He occasionally affects a pale-blue stock, lives in Hay Hill, and is very proud of the fact that last year—at the age of fifty-two, he passed his National ski test at the first time of asking. But that is the secret of his success. He likes to try everything once—and often goes on doing it better and better, whether it is books, plays, or driving what he calls a real cad's car very fast.

Charles Graves

"She just keeps saying she's from Banbury Cross"

Conservatives Dance

At the Junior Imperial League Ball

Left: Mrs. Neville Chamberlain threw a hoop-la ring or two after she had finished receiving the guests at Grosvenor House, where the ball was held. With her is Lady Dunglass, who shared the organisation of the ball with her husband

Mrs. Neville Chamberlain and Lady Dunglass

Lord Burghley, Lord Lymington, Lady Romayne Cecil

Political Quartet Arriving

The quartet above are Mr. Loel Guinness, M.P., Lady Isobel Guinness, the Hon. Mrs. Roger Chetwode (Pamela Berry that was), and the Hon. Mrs. Charles Wood, whose husband is the Member for York

Above, left: Lord Burghley, who was chairman of the Junior Imperial League until last year, and Lord Lymington were talking to Lord Burghley's younger sister, Lady Romayne Cecil, who sold programmes

Left: Lady Weigall had Mr. R. Molesworth and Sir Anthony Weldon as escort and audience when she visited the "bootlegger's den," the great stand-by among side-shows at every charity ball

Lady Weigall Goes Bootlegging

Harlip

The Hon. Mrs. John Scott-Ellis

Lord Howard de Walden's only son married his beautiful wife—who was Countess Irene Harrach—in 1934; now they live in Chapel Street, off Belgrave Square, with their two small daughters, the younger of whom was born last year. Mrs. Scott-Ellis was hostess for her mother-in-law, Lady Howard de Walden, who is in Africa, at a morning party at Seaford House last week. This was for the mothers of the debutantes who will "process" at Queen Charlotte's Birthday Ball in May, the annual event in aid of the hospital of which Lord Howard de Walden is president

The Passing Hour

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

THE major event of the week has been the German pressure on the Austrian Government. When it was discovered that the two Chancellors had met in secret the week before, it was assumed too hastily that their discussions had been friendly, and had centred round the re-affirmation of the 1936 Agreement of mutual mateyness. That view has been quickly proved unduly optimistic. What happened was that Herr Hitler ordered Dr. Schuschnigg to redraft his Cabinet and give the key position, the Ministry of Police, to a Nazi. A month ago it had been announced that the German winter military manœuvres would take place near the Austrian frontier, and so when Hitler's ultimatum was delivered, with perfect timing and every show of righteousness, the German army began to mass near Austria. Under the threat of this, there was nothing for the Austrian Chancellor to do but to give way.

THE Hitler ultimatum seems to be on the instalment plan. The first instalment insisted on the Cabinet alterations in Vienna. After that had been agreed to, the second instalment demanded a second set of alterations, with more Nazis in key-positions. The third demand will probably be Austria's resignation from the League of Nations, and there is no doubt that this will be meekly accepted as well. In 1922, Lord Balfour persuaded, cajoled, and even put heavy moral pressure almost amounting to suave blackmail, upon the victorious Powers to allow the League to save Austria from bankruptcy and starvation. The scheme which was drawn up for that purpose by the League experts was brilliantly successful, and served as the model for other similar schemes in Hungary, Danzig, and elsewhere. It was a perfect example of the working of the collective principle. We are now watching a perfect example of the working of the "Might-is-Right" principle, and Austria will probably soon be deserting the League which saved her from chaos.

FROM the Austrian point of view—indeed, from the European point of view, the disquieting thing about the situation is the silence of Rome. Four years ago it was Italian influence and pressure which destroyed the strongest anti-Nazi forces in Austria. Now, when those forces are desperately needed, they are not there, and Rome is not there, either. For Rome must cling at all costs to the Berlin axis if she is to preserve any sort of bargaining power in the Mediterranean. It looks as if Signor Mussolini will only be able to keep his famous juggling act going (which consists of keeping Abyssinia, Spain and Bankruptcy in the air at the same moment) by allowing the one thing to happen which he has fought for years to avoid—a Germany army on the Brenner.

BUT it is not only German bayonets on the Brenner that the Duce has to think about. His redoubtable colleague of the Berlin-Rome Axis has declared his intention of uniting the "Germanic peoples." Danzig and the Saar were his first successes. Austria is rapidly on the way to being his third. Next it will be the turn of the Germanic areas in Czechoslovakia, and then, after that, what? Might it not be possible that the three-quarters of a million Austrians who were forcibly incorporated in Italy by the Peace Treaties, will be the next to be due for the Pan-Germanic embrace. How would the Axis stand this strain?

THE *Daily Express* says that it understands "that Hitler, anxious to end the Austro-German conflict, had previously concluded a gentleman's agreement with Mussolini." Words are strange things.

BUT with all this talk of Austria, and all the excitement, and all the rumours, everyone knows that Austria is not the real crux of the Pan-Germanic sweep. The union between Germany and Austria has been so near for so many years, that its ultimate fulfilment will not come as a staggering shock to anyone. But the position of Czechoslovakia is quite different. For this country is a fiercely independent democracy; although it contains three or four million Germans, it is mainly a Slav state and it has an understanding with the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics. Stalin will almost certainly be as little help to Prague as Rome has been to Vienna. Nevertheless, before the Germans take any active military goose-steps towards Czechoslovakia, they are certain to find someone or other, probably an obscure major in the Army Topographical Bureau, who will point out that Berlin is nearer to Russian aerodromes than Moscow is to German.

THE Labour victory at Ipswich is a striking one, but it is much more a Government defeat than a triumph for Socialist principles. The winner is a local man, young, popular, full of energy, and a large employer of labour, being the Chairman of Ransome and Rapier, the big engineers. The two planks in his platform had nothing whatever to do with the nationalisation of banks and

The County in Town : Staffordshire

Admiral of the Fleet Lord Chatfield was Lady Stafford's neighbour at the Staffordshire Society's annual banquet. She is Staffordshire by birth as well as by marriage: her father was a D.L. for the county. Her brother-in-law, the present Baron, holds Admiral's rank and commanded the African Station, 1918-20

The County in Town : Perthshire

The London Perthshire Association was another county organisation to hold its annual dinner recently, where Colonel the Hon. Maurice Drummond, of Scotland Yard, and Mr. Henderson Stewart were neighbours. The former is Lord Perth's elder brother, and has been Deputy Commissioner of Police since 1935; the latter is the Liberal National Member for East Fife

such-like Socialist bunk. He fought on the old Liberal idea of the taxation of land-values, and on the Government's handling of foreign affairs. He had one particularly strong card. For it was this very same Mr. R. R. Stokes who offered a few months ago to make shells for the Government at cost price, himself to make no profit. The Government refused the offer three times. Firstly they refused because his tender was too low and therefore the shells must be bad; secondly they refused because his tender was too high and therefore uneconomical; and thirdly, when both these arguments had been disproved, they just refused.

HISTORIANS of the social life of our times—if, indeed, in fifty years anything is left to record or anyone to record it—will be greatly interested and puzzled by the variety of controversy upon which the citizens of to-day are so passionately engaged. At one moment they are hotly debating whether London is or is not adequately protected against annihilation from the air, and at the next moment they have broken off the debate and are eagerly wondering whether or not a girl of seventeen cried after losing a skating competition.

BUT of one thing the historian of the future will be certain, and that is that nothing excited the British people of the 'twenties and 'thirties of the century so much as the discovery of bits of chopped-up bodies. It may even be recorded that, in the great controversy of the period on the respective merits of rail and road transport, the chief advantage of the former was its provision of cloakrooms in which trunks containing chopped-up bodies could be deposited.

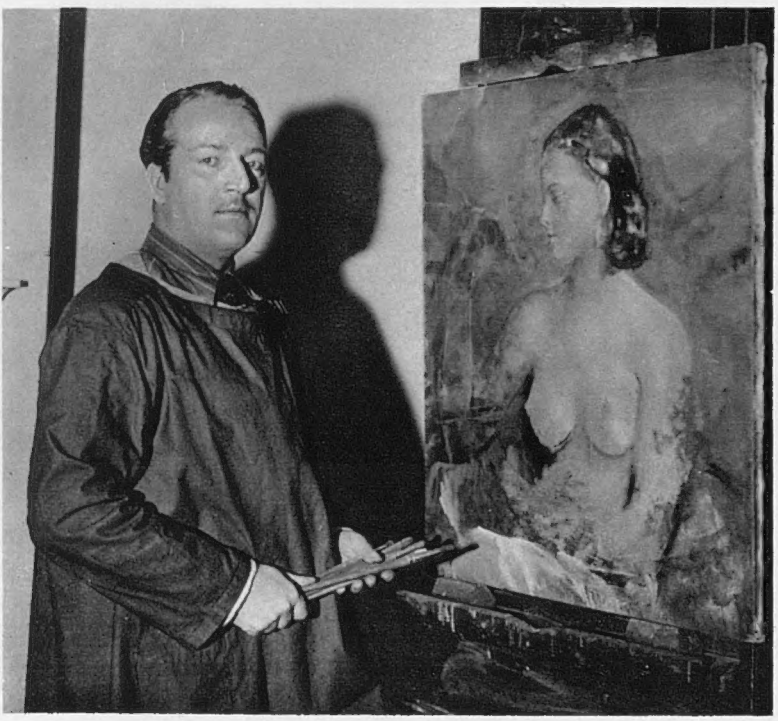
The latest of these entertainments promises at the moment to turn out to be one of the snappiest. In 1919 M. Clemenceau used the Landru excitement to distract Paris from his tricky work at the Peace Treaties. It almost looks as if Mr. Chamberlain has nothing that he wishes to conceal, because he has not, up to now, at any rate, attempted to exploit the Torso Mystery. Or is it possible that it is all a plant to distract us from the Coal Bill?

THE International Olympic Committee is to meet in Cairo in March, and it will have to face the question of the Tokyo Games of 1940. The Committee is naturally anxious not to mix athletics and politics, but nevertheless it will have to take into account the strong feeling that exists in many quarters against participation in any games in Japan. Our own Amateur Athletic Association has said, without any reference to politics, that it does not want to go to Tokyo. The Empire Federation passed a much subtler resolution the other day in Sydney to the effect that the Games should not be held in any country which was at war. The Olympic Charter says that all nations shall be free to compete. But if the host-nation is at war, it is obvious that the athletes of the nation with which it is at war will not be able to compete, and so the Charter is broken.

SOMEBODY ought to give a fancy-dress dance at the Albert Hall one of these days at which every guest would have to come "painted and disguised"—as R. L. S. said—to represent one or other character out of "Beachcomber's" enormous gallery. Lady Cabstanleigh, Dr. Strabismus, Boubou Flaring, Prodnose, Carstairs, Captain Foulenough—the list is almost inexhaustible. The latest addition is the richly comic "Mr. J. B. Morton," who is always dashing down to the country to exchange his braces for a belt, or building abominable snowmen. I am longing to hear "Mr. J. B. Morton" on current international politics. If anyone will organise the dance, that is the character I will come as.

A FORTNIGHT ago I sauntered into your nursery, little reader, and helped your education along by telling you that "hurricane" was the only Carib word from Puerto Rico in the English language. Now an anonymous Scot (race of officious busybodies) writes to say that "cannibal," "hammock," and "tobacco" are also Caribbean words. I verified the cad, and found that he was quite right. You can run back to your Pegitty board now, little one.

LAST week I spoke of the admirable acting at the Vaudeville Theatre of a new actor, Mr. Sumner. By mistake I called him George, whereas I should have called him Geoffrey. Is it possible that Strube's engaging habit of calling everyone George, including himself, is spreading?



A New Academician

Two new R.A.'s were elected last week. One of them was Mr. Alfred Kingsley Lawrence, seen here in his studio at Holland Park, youngest A.R.A. nine years ago, painter of murals in the new Bank of England, and the "Elizabeth and Raleigh" panel in St. Stephen's, Westminster. His fellow was Mr. Reginald Grange Brundrit

On the right is a Hardiman family group. Mr. Hardiman is at work on two studies of his baby daughter Janis, "The Yawn" (widely publicised last week) and "Sleeping Baby" (shown here). His four-and-a-half-year-old Hilary is holding his model, and Mrs. Hardiman has an eye on the whole group

An Artist's Family Group

Social Register

SIX WEDDINGS OF THE WEEK

Miss Biddulph and Captain Cripps

Captain Philip Cripps, of the Old School House, Guilsborough, second son of Sir Frederick and Lady Cripps, and Marjory Mary Biddulph, only daughter of the Hon. Claud and Mrs. Biddulph, of Rodmarton, Cirencester, were married at St. Ethelburga's, Bishopsgate, and have gone to Monte Carlo for their honeymoon

Mr. Glyn and Miss Caroline Bull

Hilary Glyn and Caroline Bull had a St. Peter's, Eaton Square, wedding, and went to Suffolk for the first part of their honeymoon. He is the youngest son of the late Maurice Glyn, and the Hon. Mrs. Glyn, of 28, Albert Hall Mansions, S.W.7. She is the youngest daughter of William Perkins Bull, K.C., of Lorne Hall, Rosedale, Toronto, and 2, Eaton Place, S.W.1

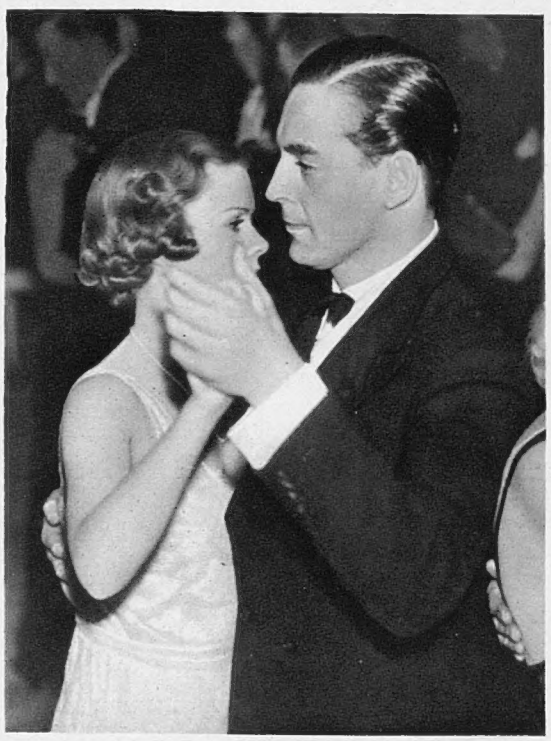
Mr. How and Mary

Everard John Boothby How were married at Caxton Hall divorce from Lord Lymington marriage in 1920 she was Long Island, U.S.A. Mr

Mr. Michael Asquith and Miss Diana Battye

Michael Asquith and Diane Battye's wedding was at All Saints', Binfield, Berks., near the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. Leonard Hackett. Her father, Lieut.-Col. P. L. M. Battye, lives at Prince Edward Mansions, Palace Court, W.2. Michael Asquith is the son of the Hon. Herbert and Lady Cynthia Asquith, of 8, Sussex Place

DANCING BEFORE SAILING



Miss Lawrence and the Earl of Warwick

Etienne Lawrence and Lord Warwick were in a restaurant supper-party just before he sailed for America last week. He has gone back to Hollywood again

COCKTAILS FOR CHARITY

Lady Serena James, the Earl

Lord and Lady Feversham were host and hostess to a committee meeting in their house, 4, Halkin Street, last week. The event being organised was the Black and White Ball in May at Grosvenor House, in aid of the London Child Guidance Clinic. With Lord Feversham are Lady Serena James and Miss Eva Fairfax. With Lady Feversham, chairman of the Ball, are Lady Rosamond Gibbs, joint deputy chairman, and Miss Winnifred Stone

Viscountess Lymington

and Mary Lady Lymington register office. She obtained a in 1936; before her first Mary Post, of Bayport, How is an antique dealer

Mrs. Churchill and the Hon. Patrick Balfour

The Hon. Patrick Balfour is the author-journalist son of Lord and Lady Kinross. Mrs. Churchill was Angela Culme-Seymour and is the daughter of the late Capt. George Culme-Seymour, and Mrs. Geoffrey Woolley. They were married in Chelsea

Prince Alexander of Croy and Miss Campbell

Prince Alexander of Croy and Anne Elspeth Campbell were married at the Oratory, Brompton. He is the younger son of the late Prince Alexander von Croy-Dülmen and Princess Mathilde von Croy-Dülmen; she is the only daughter of the late Brig.-Gen. W. M. Campbell, the Black Watch, and Mrs. Frank Shuttleworth, of Old Warden Park, Biggleswade

HONEYMOON IN LANCASHIRE

of Feversham, Miss Eva Fairfax

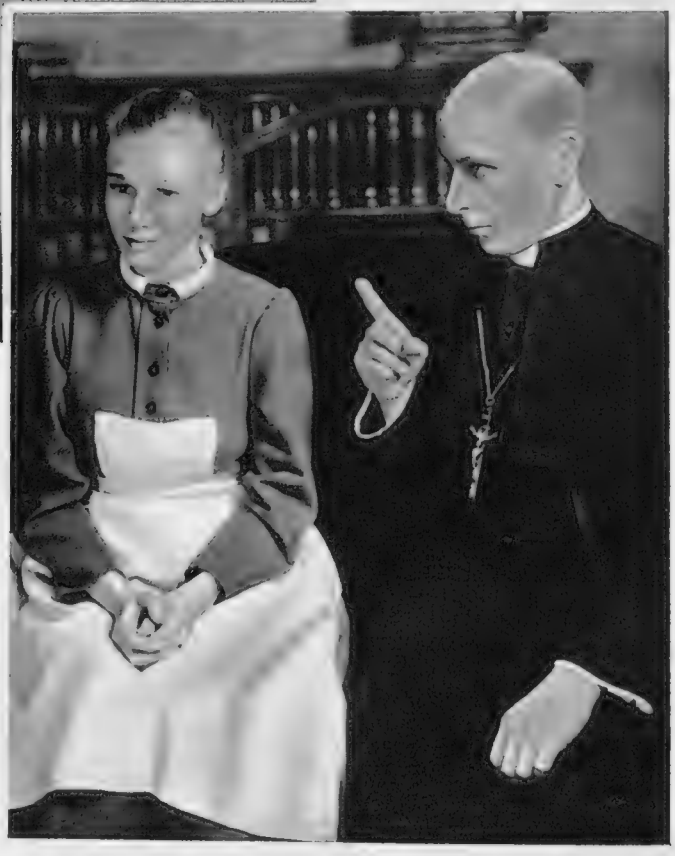
Mr. and Mrs. Richard Cavendish

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Cavendish have been honeymooning at Holker Hall, his father's home in Lancashire; they were secretly married in December, Mrs. Cavendish rejoining her family in Paris directly after the wedding and spending several weeks with them. She was Pamela Lloyd Thomas, and is the daughter of Mr. Hugh Lloyd Thomas British Minister in Paris. Her husband, who comes of age this year, is the only son of Lord and Lady Richard Cavendish, and nephew of the Duke of Devonshire

Lady Rosamond Gibbs, Miss Stone, Lady Feversham

Julie Haydon's New York Success

Shadow and Substance is an Irish play by a Scottish teacher, and its stars are an American actress and an English actor. It is at New York's Golden Theatre. Paul Vincent Carroll is the author, Julie Haydon and Sir Cedric Hardwicke are the players, and the beauty of the whole has taken the sting out of local critics and made caustic Robert Benchley of the *New Yorker* admit it is difficult to write of Miss Haydon's performance without seeming mawkish (perish the thought !). Another English player who gets an American bouquet is Sara Allgood. Julie Haydon has the part of a slavey who subdues the arrogant priest played by Hardwicke. She is the daughter of a Hollywood newspaper owner, went into the local industry with Paramount, and led opposite Noel Coward in the only film he ever made, *The Scoundrel*. She has not done much since then (1935), but a big acting future for her seems now assured



Julie Haydon and Cedric Hardwicke in "Shadow and Substance"

The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

"The Island" (Comedy)

WHEN a number of vacant-minded people with a great deal of leisure and very little occupation are collected together in a constricted area for a long space of time, you may be pretty sure that Satan will find mischief still for idle tongues to do. The constricted area in Mr. Merton Hodge's play at the Comedy is an island; the vacant-minded people with a great deal of leisure and very little occupation are Army officers and their attendant wives; vainly they strive to fleet the time carelessly with such clichés of conversation as "Jolly good show," and such clichés of pleasure as contract, afternoon calls, and another whisky; but gossip is really the only stimulus that quickens them to spontaneity—gossip, gossip, and again gossip.

There is the rash conduct of the colonel's wife during his frequent absences on the mainland. This, of course, is all over the lounge of the Officers' Club, and the ante-room of the officers' mess. There are the visits paid by the mysterious major to the young lieutenant's bride—visits which *may* be purely platonic, but is it *wise*, my dear? So, all day, the siphons splash, new arrivals are welcomed and suspected, advice is tendered and resented, and disappointed women recall the jolly times they had in Portsmouth. Mr. Hodge has painted his background with considerable skill. Here is a fresh and quite horrifying atmosphere.

FROM the first sentence to the last, the atmosphere convinces. The same cannot be said of the action, for which we wait rather longer than we might wish. Mr. Godfrey Tearle as Major Willis, helps to keep our curiosity alive. We gather, quite definitely, that he is to be liked, if not on the stage, in the auditorium. Why, then, this moroseness and, particularly, deep drinking? At the end of the second act we learn his secret. It is night. The young lieutenant's bride is alone. Major Willis arrives in a commotion, as witness his wild eyes, his muddy boots, and his desire, for once, to talk. What has happened? He has that day learned that his wife, who had been mad for fifteen years and incarcerated in an asylum, has died. He bursts into tears.

And then a remarkable thing happens. He seizes the young lieutenant's bride and implants on her unwilling lips such kisses that she can only request him to leave at once. I do not pretend to be an expert psychologist, but at this point my instinct rebels. I do not believe that any man, upset as this major has been by his wife's death, would, however attracted, promptly make love to another woman in such a violent fashion. He might have done so earlier. He might do so later. But of all moments, this is the moment when he most surely would not.

THAT is not the only psychological puzzle posed by Mr. Hodge. The lieutenant and his bride are deeply attached to one another. Why, then, does she not tell him of the episode with the major? Why, even when she sees that her marital relations are imperilled, does she continue to keep it a secret?

This is such stuff as musical comedies are made of. Nevertheless, an unusual and not uninteresting play. Mr. Tearle is at the top of his form. Among many clever studies, Mr. Hubert Leslie's old woman of an officer deserves a special line. And Mr. George Bishop's colonel is so deliciously M.C.C. that his absences on the mainland are doubly to be regretted.

Misunderstood Major Willis: Godfrey Tearle

Drunk Lieut. Ashley: Geoffrey Edwards

Sketches by Rowson

Officers and gentlemen: Anthony Shaw and Laurence Hardman

Newly-weds: Geoffrey Wardwell and Sarah Erskine

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

A MORE fragrant outburst of whimsy in the Post Office than usual gave birth to the St. Valentine's Day Greetings Telegram, an elegantly coloured confection on the lines of a Victorian puppet-theatre, with two young sighing lovers and a vigilant parent in the background, and Little Miss Post Office (or possibly Ellen Wilkinson, M.P.) in the foreground, all demureness and dimity. But when we went into a West End post-office and asked for one of these forms, we got a look from the glamour girl behind the grille which was far from expressing the same atmosphere of lavender and old lace. This, we thought, is where the P.M.G. falls down. French post-offices take up a logical position and stick to it. They frankly hate the sight of you, and would as soon woo you with whimsy telegram-forms as kiss you every time you call. To discourage your visits they write important minatory notices very illegibly and smudgily in violet ink on scraps of paper and stick them high up where they can't be read, so that you look like a fool next time and they hiss their contempt at you like serpents. You get less active and constructive dislike in our own post-offices ; it 's more of a defensive attitude. The P.M.G.'s glamour girls have been warned about gentlemen by their mothers, and are always expecting what the French call " des propositions." (" Six three-halfpennies, please — and, listen, Beautiful, do you care for yachting ? ") For the P.M.G. to infuse an atmosphere of Cupids and kisses into this world of maiden suspicion and cool, chaste antagonism is therefore rather unsuitable. Either drop the winky-pinky or pack the post-offices with Follies Girls, is our suggestion to Major Tryon.

East Meets West

PRACTICALLY all the satiric boys, including that implacable old lictor Low, have now had their crack at the B.B.C.'s Arabic broadcasts, designed to counteract Italian radio propaganda among the sun-burned sons of the Desert. It served Ole Debbil Low twice in his Saturday frolic in the *Standard*. The first crack showed an Arab cross-eyed with bewilderment, sitting between two radio sets, one bawling " Da English they are no good ! " the other announcing in calm, cultured tones " Ordah now reigns everywheah." The second was just a radio set in the middle of the desert with a dead dog lying in front of it, and, far away on the skyline, the backs of two Arabs deep in conversation. But seeing that an authority had early described the B.B.C.'s accent as " Kensington-Arabic " the boys hadn't much real difficulty with this subject.

" Gad, Sir ! I 'd horsewhip you— if I had a horse ! "

It isn't true that one of the first broadcasts was a description of the Eton Wall Game (we know it isn't, because we made that one up), but the B.B.C. certainly gave the Arabs " Little Old Lady " and other inexplicable Western jazz-noises, and with these very eyes we saw that the Arab Male Quartet were down for a selection. We asked a chap in the B.B.C. who these Arabs were, and he said they were Charlie Turner's lot, Wesleyans from Streatham. Practically everything is so bogus nowadays that we 'd have found this quite easy to believe if he hadn't begun to embroider it with monstrous fantasy, alleging that one of their pieces was " Sweet Adeline." As no Wesleyan would ever be in that state in which people start to sing " Sweet Adeline " (at least we trust not), we were able to denounce this chap at once for a liar.

" You call ! "

Hat

" BRIGHTER HOLMES," with a sub-title " Elementary, my dear Watson ! " over a drawing of two lamp bulbs, one wearing the familiar Holmes deerstalker cap, was a good enough crack in a recent electric-lamp advertisement, we thought ; but the artist ruined it utterly by making the bulb representing Watson wear a glossy silk topper, which is like showing a bishop in a headdress of the kind of ostrich feathers worn by Mistinguett. For nothing is more Watsonian about the miserable Watson than the Sacred Bowler Hat which—look it up in the Authorised Version—he wears even on the Reichenbach in the Alps. You never find Watson anywhere without it. As Mgr. Ronald Knox, our greatest living Holmes scholar, has pointed out.

it has a symbolic and mystical quality. Modern scholarship has never settled whether Watson wore his bowler hat in bed or not. Our belief is that he did, both during the years of his subjection to Holmes and after Holmes had been pushed off the Reichenbach. Freed from tyranny and humiliation at last, Watson joyfully took to drink and never afterwards removed his bowler day or night; and in our opinion he was buried in it, boiled as an owl. To conceive of his ever wearing a topper is fantastic and wounding. If Watson had ever had the imagination and nerve to buy himself a topper he 'd have socked the bounding Holmes one on the spot, to the delight of large numbers of decent people. The Watson bowler expresses his Watsonism as profoundly as the black Eden billycock expresses Edenism

We take up this critical attitude because we 're so strongly pro-Watson that any tampering with his sweet memory is an offence to us. He 's the victim-type, perpetually bullied by the revolting Holmeses of this world. Anybody who runs him or his bowler down can step outside and repeat those words, and this goes for people who inflict a topper on that poor dumb head.

Contretemps

" MONSTROUS ! Unbelievable ! " were the words which burst from Mr. A. V. Alexander, M.P., a former First Lord of the Admiralty, when they told him the other day that the Admiralty were refusing a pay-increase to a large number of its staff on the grounds of alleged inefficiency. Which seems to show that the old consecrated jokes about Whitehall workers circulate among the bureaux of the great about as freely as mass-production tailors' representatives in a nudist colony. It 's never been our own habit to make jeering cracks of this kind. Many of the Whitehall chaps work extremely hard. The legend about the lotus-eaters of Whitehall playing from 10 to 4, like fountains, grew up in the old dreamy sunshiny days before the War, and anyway it 's an international joke. In one of Sacha Guitry's plays there 's a chap carrying on with the married lady in the flat below. " He 's in the Ministry of Marine," explains the embittered husband to his lawyer, " so naturally he 's at home all day." And if we remember rightly—it 's some time since we saw *La IIIme. Chambre*—he adds that the gentleman's love-letters are naturally all written on Ministry paper. Which reminds us again of that other snooty legend, the one alleging that the chaps in Whitehall who go in for literature, whether prose, verse, or drama, utilise great wads of thick expensive cream-laid official paper at the saphead taxpayer's expense, not to speak of official pens, pencils, ink, blotting-paper, wafers, paper-fasteners, wax, and office time. This is a myth, especially when it includes love-letters in the series, because the Whitehall boys never fall in love, but contract alliances. However grisly this thought may seem to you, you will admit that it obviates worry over the stationery question.

Fairy Tale

WHY anybody should whicker at the Film Censor for giving the new Disney opus an " A " label, we can't conceive. There are charmingly sadistic moments in many of the Disney fairy-tales (as in many others, Grimm's for example—and what about Agrippa, the gentleman who cuts off naughty boys' thumbs in *Struwelpeter* ? And Bluebeard ? And Punch and Judy ?), and when we were of tender years the Haunted Wood and certain aspects of the Wicked Queen in *Snow-White* would have given us the nightly willies for weeks. We wouldn't go so far as to agree with the *New Yorker* critic who accuses Snow-White herself of " sly and deliberate sensuality . . . the provocative lope of a dance-hall hostess," and if we did we 'd hesitate to discuss it, remembering that pending libel-action over a British film-critic's recent remarks on Shirley Temple. (Our wonderful libel laws cover everything, including criticism of horses' heads drawn on blotting-paper.) But in requiring children to be accompanied by adults when they see *Snow-White*, the Censor is surely thinking only of the nursery's peace of mind.

Incidentally, we 're asked to make it clear that cricketers may also see *Snow-White* in charge of an adult. It 's admittedly entertainment for grown-ups, but the M.C.C. ruling is that any too-sophisticated cynicism in the film won't do cricketers any real harm, since they won't " get " it. So when you see rows of solemn long wooden pans gazing stolidly at the screen, rather puzzled at moments but enjoying the straightforward bits, reflect that some of the boys are in Fairyland for the first time, and that for weeks afterwards those long jaws will be creaking with eager questions, " Why did she talk to the mirror ? " " What is the Prince's batting-average ? " " Have the dwarfs got a pitch ? " " Why didn't somebody get Archdeacon Hobbs to scold the Wicked Queen ? "

Torso

WE asked a Fleet Street authority the other day why the headline and poster boys have been unanimously describing the body in the most recent murder mystery as a " torso," instead of a " trunk," as is customary. He explained that those two Brighton trunk murders a couple of years or so ago are responsible. " Drama of Mystery Trunk in Amazing Trunk Mystery Drama Sensation " puzzled one of the headline boys for some time after he 'd written it. It seemed redundant. He at length substituted " torso " for the first " trunk," everybody else naturally followed suit next day, and the word has stuck in their minds ever since. **D. B. Wyndham Lewis**

" Kerr has a new hat, I see "

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

Spanish Witness

By Alan Thomas

Some of the facts relating to Sir Peter Chalmers Mitchell's experiences in Malaga have long since been familiar to the public through the Press as well as through the final chapter of his last book, *My Fill of Years*. Now for the first time we have the full story told by Sir Peter in *My House in Malaga* (Faber and Faber; 8*s.* 6*d.*). The book would have been wider in scope had he been able to get at his notes and documents which were lost to him along with his Spanish villa. As it is he has had to rely mainly on his memory: and the book is, in consequence, both slighter and more personal. As a story his experiences make exciting enough reading. Instead of the "peaceful old age with comparative leisure"—which was what he sought when he retired to Spain in 1932—he soon found himself in the thick of a civil war and, since he befriended people on both sides, both sides accordingly regarded him with some suspicion. Many times he walked in peril of his life and more than once he was threatened with revolvers; on most occasions he relied for his defence—and successfully relied—on nothing more deadly than a cigarette. The dangers, in fact, ended frequently in smoke. His conclusions, based upon his own experiences and the inferences he has drawn from them, are unclouded by doubt. When Spain accepted the Democratic Republic in 1931 she might have made the peaceful passage to a steady and ordered life: that she did not, but instead was plunged into the present tragedy is due, in Sir Peter's view, firstly to the Roman Catholic Church, which threw all its power against the Republic; secondly, to the high-minded Liberalism of Azaña and his colleagues, who temporised with sedition instead of destroying it; thirdly, to the lack of enlightened patriotism shown by the Right; and fourthly, to the policy of the British Government, who might have prevented the rebellion being crushed while the Liberal first Government of the Popular Front was still in power, and since then have been acting as though their object were the crushing of democracy. That at all events is how Sir Peter sees it. It is the opinion of a man who has had first-hand experience, of one whose courage, faith and youthful enthusiasm have not been dimmed by his fill of years. It is an opinion which—whether you agree with it or not—one cannot but respect.

Now meet Uncle Prujean, the grand old man of Marjorie Scott Johnston's first novel, *The Mountain Speaks* (Cassell; 7*s.* 6*d.*). Here is a tale that draws its inspiration from the Swiss alps. High up in the remote mountain village of Zillon a young Englishwoman, Diana Wyn, escaping from an unhappy love-affair, takes over a châlet and converts it into a guest-house. The châlet belongs to an old mountaineering peasant, a man steeped in the legend and lore of the locality, whose character is a compound of wisdom, strength and natural sympathy. Uncle Prujean's influence—so clearly and convincingly conveyed—dominates the book. The only other character who can hold a candle to him is the old Abbé, also mature in wisdom, guiding and comforting others and himself not above taking a lesson. The preoccupation of the visitors to Zillon is mainly with their own affairs: Diana with her love for the man she thought she had lost, poor Miss Dakers with her groping after religion and her practical demonstrations of the "Back to Eden Fellowship," the materially- and at the same time romantically-minded button-manufacturer—these and others, in their different ways, find answers to their problems, as well as consolation, in the kindly, unobtrusive confidence of Uncle Prujean.

The book stands, as Prujean himself stands, for the "perpetuity of human dignity that somehow survives in spite of an apparently predominating stupidity, of brutality and failure, and the recurring idiocy of war." After all, for giving a proper perspective to human affairs there is nothing like a mountain, and this one which speaks with so much quiet wisdom through the mouth of Prujean, the Abbé and Miss Scott Johnston I commend most confidently to your notice.

In the political line of country I would like to mention another book that puts our present problems into a much wider setting. I refer to F. S. Marvin's *The New Vision of Man* (Allen and Unwin; 5*s.*). Within the compass of a hundred and seventy pages the author reviews man's history on this planet and shows how in spite of set-backs a common consciousness among men—which is the basis of all progress—has developed and is still developing. To dwell on this progress and to realise its meaning is, Mr. Marvin suggests, the best specific against exaggerated nationalism or despair, the best introduction to a view of history in which East and West, Fascist and Communist, French and German can find common ground. History as the great reconciler—that is Mr. Marvin's message: and the publication of his book is very opportune.

Good news for scholars, browsers and anthology fans is the publication of *The Oxford Book of Greek Verse in Translation*, edited by T. F. Higham and C. M. Bowra (Oxford University Press; 8*s.* 6*d.*). Every piece that appeared in the *Oxford Book of Greek Verse* is here translated—usually into verse, though specimens of prose translation are also included—with explanatory notes at the end. The translators range from Ben Jonson and Pope, via Browning and Samuel Butler, to Edmund Blunden and MacNeice. It is a grand collection and—if I may coin a translation—"a possession for all time."

Talking of the Classics, be sure not to miss P. G. Wodehouse's latest novel, *Summer Moonshine* (Herbert Jenkins; 7*s.* 6*d.*). "It has been well said of Baronets," says Mr. Wodehouse, "that, although you may defeat them temporarily, you cannot keep them down." In the case of Sir Buckstone Abbott, the hero of this story, several people tried: and in his efforts to sell his country seat, Walsingford Hall in the county of Berkshire, to the Princess von und zu Dwornitzchek he was virtually defeated. But the unexpected happened—as it does on every other page of this delightful nonsense—and we take leave of Sir Buckstone happily muttering to himself, with that originality which characterises his every utterance, that he 'd be damned. It is a mad world—this land of Wodehousian Moonshine with its cheerful idiots living on their large allowances—but no madder than the one that we ourselves inhabit. Indeed the never-failing cheerfulness of Mr. Wodehouse and his characters is one of the few remaining signs of sanity left on the troubled landscape. Vivat P. G.!

Tasting a Youthful Champagne

The Wine and Food Society held a dinner for the purpose of solemnly tasting and toasting the 1933 vintage of champagne. This comes with a prodigious reputation from France, where it has been nine months on the market, such words as fresh, fruity, supple racé, and acid-free being current. At High Table were Lord Horder, Mrs. Joan Woollcombe, M. André Simon (chairman), Mme. Simon and M. Victor Lanson, of the French house of that name

Cannons of Hollywood

The Lady Swinfen — Wife of a Barrister

Lady Swinfen was married just over a year ago at a London church that is off the beaten track of social wedding retinues—All Hallows by the Tower. She was Mary Farmar, and is the daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Harold Farmar, of Alexandra Court, S.W.7. She and her husband have a house in that neat and attractive South Street close to Thurloe Square. Lord Swinfen is the second baron, succeeded in 1919, and is the son of an eminent judge and Master of the Rolls who was Sir Charles Swinfen Eadie before he was made a baron. His son follows the same profession, and has been a Barrister of the Inner Temple since 1931

Films of the Day

Vive la France!

By George Campbell

A FORMIDABLE race, the French. They make few films, and most of these cost about as much as our Quota "quickies." Their studios are wretchedly equipped. Their budget is limited by the smallness of the French-speaking market—perhaps fifty million people, as compared with the two hundred million in the United States and the British Empire, to say nothing of the millions in foreign countries who have been bludgeoned into speaking our tongue simply because we refuse to learn theirs.

How, then, to explain the dominance of the French producer? How to account for the fact that of the ten best films in any recent year, about half are generally French: little masterpieces, some of them, that make Hollywood's million-dollar productions look bankrupt of ideas, honesty, artistry, and other things that money can't always buy?

"LA MORT DU CYGNE" is in the tradition of *Pépé le Moko* and *Carnet de Bal*; not as dramatic as the one, nor as rich in humour and many-sided humanity as the other, but comparable for honesty of treatment, the magnificent integrity of the acting, and the skill of Jean Benoit-Lévy's direction. A story of sentiment is told without a trace of sentimentality. Not one player is guilty of those comic gags that have gained certain English (and American) comedians a terrific reputation, and ruined every film they've played in. No one in French films raises artificial eyebrows, or lifts one side of the moustaches a couple of inches with a comic bellow, or earns roars of laughter with an audible symptom of indigestion followed by a muttered witticism such as "Curse those radishes!" The French are ingenuous enough to believe that people on the screen should behave like the people we know.

Hedy Lamarr and Aribert Mog in "Extase"

"Extase" is the Czechoslovakian film which, after being banned for four years, is now being shown at the Rialto, with lovely Hedy Lamarr and Aribert Mog as the young lovers. The director, Gustav Machaty, was the man who managed the locusts in that terrific scene in "The Good Earth"

"LA MORT DU CYGNE" is a tale of the ballet at the Paris Opera. Without haste and without surplus footage, the director introduces a whole gallery of characters—the children of the ballet; the pretty, shallow ballerina adored by one of the girls; the new foreign dancer, fiery and exotic, who is to usurp the limelight; the old dresser and wardrobe mistress and stage hands, all etched in economically with a master hand.

One scene-shifter plays a practical joke on another while the established favourite is dancing at rehearsal; her rival laughs; the favourite, mistaking the cause, walks off in a huff, and her child admirer looks at the offender with deadly loathing. Her hatred is intensified, if possible, when the newcomer dances and turns out to be more brilliant than her darling petite mère. Revenge! A chance is right at hand. The danseuse whirls brilliantly about the stage; beside the child in the wings is a lever that works the trap. She pulls it, and the object of her loathing drops and breaks a leg.

NOT a very nice child, as you perceive; but an uncommonly dramatic situation, most skilfully sustained. The conflict in the little girl's mind—satisfaction at having removed the menace to her beloved star, mingled with fear that the other creature will die—is brilliantly suggested, and the plot is developed with a Gallic irony and logic. For the pretty, frivolous ballerina begins to think less and less of the little dancer who has imperilled her immortal soul for her sake; a promise to drive the child home is forgotten in the excitement of an invitation to supper with a young man.

One day, when the situation has become unbearable and the wretched, conscience-haunted little creature begins to see policemen at every turn, and the gaol-door opening wide, she rushes terror-stricken to her heroine's door, to find the dressing-room vacant. In her own passion for dancing, her unquestioning belief that it must be the older girl's whole existence too, she has risked murder to remove a threat to the ballerina's career. And now, says the dresser calmly, the ballerina has gone—gone for good, to get married, and will never dance again.

It would be unfair to reveal more of the plot. See *La Mort du Cygne* for yourself, and enjoy a film notable for subtle characterisation, flawless acting, and an extremely impressive performance by little Janine Charrat. To call Janine lovable would be like addressing a small tiger as "darling Woffles"; but there is no doubt of her talent both as actress and dancer.

SO much has been written about *Extase* and the Censor, that there is some danger of its being ignored by the fastidious as just another smutty picture. That would be a pity. If not exactly a masterpiece, *Extase* is, eroticism apart, an uncommonly interesting bit of work, worth seeing for its lovely camera-work, the beauty of Hedy Lamarr and the fine acting of the actors, hitherto unknown to me, who play her husband and lover.

A New Film Star—Twelve-Year-Old Janine Charrat

If the various children who to-day show a quite amazing talent for film-acting continue to develop as they have begun, the screen of to-morrow should possess not a few actors and actresses of real genius. Little Janine Charrat is one of these prodigies: in *La Mort du Cygne*, at the Curzon, she acts with extraordinary power, restraint and expressiveness, and dances excellently as well. She is a pupil of the Paris Opéra ballet school in real life as she is in the story. The film is reviewed on the opposite page

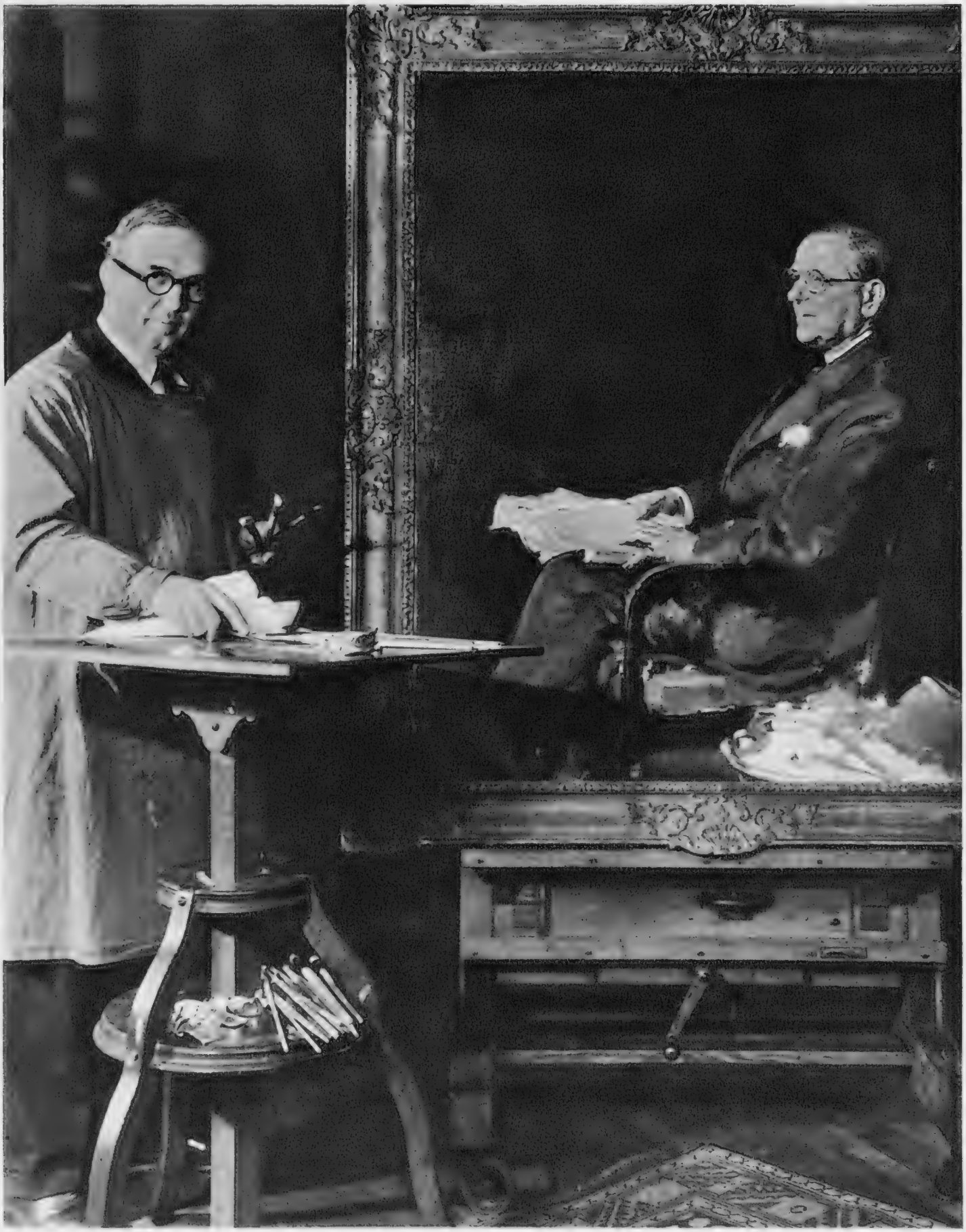
Serge Lifar

Premier Danseur and Choregrapher of the Paris Opéra

Two new examples of Lifar's work as choregrapher have appeared in the last few weeks, one in Paris and one in London. At the Opéra he is responsible for the first choregraphic setting for Florent Schmitt's *Oriane et le Prince d'Amour*, a ballet nearly an hour in length which is said to be the most ambitious of Lifar's not unambitious compositions for the Opéra. He and Lycette Darsonval take the leading rôles. At the Curzon is *La Mort du Cygne*, the ballet film for which he arranged the dancing and in which the work of the Paris Opéra ballet company and school gives the setting for the story. Lifar has been at the Opéra as premier danseur, choregrapher and maître de ballet since shortly after Diaghileff's death in 1929, and has a devoted following in Paris. He was originally a pupil of Nijinska when she opened a school of dancing in Kiev, his native town, in 1920, and joined Diaghileff three years later, soon showing himself to be one of the great dancers of his generation. Now he becomes increasingly a theorist of choregraphy, and has explained his search for a new relation between music and dancing and new means of expressing it in two "manifestos," the second of which appeared in English last month

Lifar in "Harnassie"

The Maître de Ballet Theorises to His Class



Baron

Mr. T. C. Dugdale Paints Lord Southwood

Thomas Cantrell Dugdale, a member of the Royal Society of Portrait Painters, and an Associate of the Royal Academy since 1936, has exhibited pictures in four continents and fought in two. In the war he served with the Yeomanry in the Balkans and Near East, and it was half-way through, in 1916, that he married Amy Katherine Browning, also a painter. His more peaceful profession of painting he learnt in Manchester, South Kensington, Paris, winning the British Institute painting scholarship. He has recently done portraits of Jessie Matthews, Sir John Simon, Lady Warrender, he is at work now on one of Col. the Hon. E. F. Levy-Lawson, of the *Daily Telegraph*, and is seen here with an unfinished portrait of another Press magnate, Lord Southwood

Rudolf Rominger Demonstrates a Gelandesprung

They Fly Through the Air . . .

A Gelandesprung and a Quersprung

Photographs specially taken for the "Bystander" by Norman Parkinson

Training for the world ski championship was at its height when Parkinson took these pictures. Rudolf Rominger held the title in 1936. His Gelandesprung was photographed a moment early, for his ski are not yet parallel nor his legs fully drawn up in the bird-like position proper to a jump. The favoured landing position for this jump is similar to the telemark position—right or left ski well advanced, back heel lifted, back thigh vertical. Both sticks are used for the preliminary push in the Gelandesprung, whereas in the Quersprung Herr Matter's right stick is hanging back, because he is executing a jump to the right and has used it as a pivot. Here the legs are fully drawn up, but the ski are not quite parallel. The Quersprung is used in avoiding obstacles which obscure the surface directly beyond them. Matter competed in last year's Olympic Games, took first in his class at Rigi this year, and is an expert ski leaper (no sticks). In both cases the ski used have no points at their prows. These points, seen on everyday ski at the left, are the attachments for skins, but in jumping, when a crouched position is usual, they can be dangerous to the eyes

Right: Hans Matter Demonstrates a Quersprung

Sun on the Snow

A Page from St. Moritz

Moukter Bey Abed and Mrs. Percy Melville

Moukter Bey Abed from Syria—he is the son of the President of the Syrian Republic—and Mrs. Percy Melville, from Scotland—she was Catriona Macleod of Skeabost—met in Switzerland, and talked as they watched one of the recent big bob-races at St. Moritz

Miss Diana Palmer and Miss Aurea Weldon

Left: Diana Palmer and Aurea Weldon were lunching at the Corviglia Club, having just arrived from the Oberland. Diana Palmer, who is Sir Anthony Palmer's sister, still had her leg in plaster of Paris, result of a Scheidegg break

The Duke of Alba

This Spanish grandee, who is a very keen ski-er, has been staying at St. Moritz with his young daughter, Donna Cayetana Stuart-Fitzjames

Señora Patino

Another Corviglia Club lunch snapshot—of Señora Antenor Patino, whose husband is the son of the Bolivian Minister in Paris. She was Princesse Marie-Christine de Bourbon-Siciles before her marriage

Mrs. Jack Heaton and Cresta

Left: the bull-terrier Cresta belongs to Mrs. Jack Heaton, whose husband is the crack American rider. He with J. Bickford as brake won the Argentine Cup boblet-race last week

Right: Mrs. Lawson-Johnston hadn't quite got used to the Swiss sun having only just flown out from London to land on the St. Moritz lake. She is American, was Dorothy Wiley of New York

Mrs. John Lawson-Johnston

Two of the guests at Mr. Wessel's villa were the Hon. Mrs. Drogo Montagu and Count Haugwitz-Reventlow disguised behind his camera. Mrs. Montagu was also in St. Moritz in the Haugwitz-Reventlow party. The Count and Countess have now gone off to India

Countess Haugwitz-Reventlow and Comtesse André de Castellane sat in the clear winter sunshine in a sheltered corner. Mr. Wessel's villa and its luxuriant terraced garden have a superb view over Villefranche and its sea and islands. This deep and lovely harbour between Beaulieu and Nice is a kind of Mediterranean resort for battleships ; one American ship can be seen in the picture below

Sun By the Sea

A Villa at Villefranche

Mr. William Wessel is the owner of the lovely villa at Villefranche where these snapshots were taken. Like his guests, he was at St. Moritz earlier in the year, and then moved south to the Riviera

Villefranche Through a Villa Lattice

Spectacled Musicians of the Vic-Wells

Photographs by Anthony

Herbert Menges

Is the younger son of two violin teachers and as a child he too played the violin, making his first appearance at the age of four. Later he transferred his studies to the piano and later again to composition. To-day he is best known as conductor, composer, founder of the Brighton Symphonic Players, musical director of the Old Vic Shakespeare company and organiser of the Serenade Concerts at Sadler's Wells this spring. His incidental music to such plays as "Richard of Bordeaux," "Hamlet" (1934), and "Romeo and Juliet" (1935) have been heard by thousands who probably remained, after the public's custom, ignorant of the composer. The music for "Three Sisters" at the Queen's is also by him. Isolde Menges is his sister, he lives in Castlenau and is unmarried

Sumner Austin

Sumner Austin is one of the Vic-Wells company's oldest members: he has been eighteen years with them, first as a singer only and now as both singer and producer. He was a graduate of Oxford and the Carl Rosa Company when he recruited under Lilian Baylis's standard and since then he has produced fourteen operas and sung in about as many. He does concert work both in England and abroad and is chairman of the new opera committee. His chief parts are Scarpia, Beckmesser, the Barber, Gianni Schicchi and Papageno

"Bystander" Short Story No. 127

Good Clean Boy

By Robert Westerby

Illustration by Cyril Holloway

THE fat man in the shiny-blue suit spat carefully, and then knocked on the door of No. 37. When the door opened he went inside. He kept his hat on, and the cigar between his teeth. He was that sort of man.

"Young Jack 'ere, ma?" he said.

The woman who let him in was like a piece of old string. Forty years' fight against a slum had knocked all the guts out of her. She had a black blouse on, and a sack tied round her waist. Her hair straggled hopelessly across her forehead. She had been cooking, and the house reeked of onions.

"Yus, 'e 's 'ere all right. 'E 's 'avin' a bit of a lie-down," she said.

"Good! I 'll go in. See yer later, ma."

The woman scowled. "Not if I see you fust," she said. "You and yer Mister Levy! Fat lot of good my boy gets done him goin' around wiv your mob! Lot er trash, that 's what you are! Boxin'! Huh!"

The man took no notice. He went into the front room and shut the door after him. As he shut it, a boy sat up on the bed in the corner. His name was Jack, and he lived here in this four-roomed house with his parents and four sisters. He was a boxer, and was managed by the fat man. He was seventeen years old.

"Hi, Jacky! How yer feelin', kid?"

"'Lo. I 'm all right. Was you rowin' wiv the old lady aht there just now?"

"Me? Na. Just 'avin' a bit of a chat wiv 'er. Me and your mum 's friends."

"Yerce. I noticed it," Jack said.

"Werl, you ready, kid? We ain't got a lot er time."

"Where is it to-night, eh?"

The fat man laughed. "Where is it? Caw! That 's funny. You need a bloomin' nurse, kid, not a manager. It 's at the Drill Hall, down the Freen Road. You feel good, doncher? 'Ad your tea?"

Jack got up from the bed and stretched himself. He worked as a van-boy for a carriers firm all day, and if he didn't get a bit of a lie-down when he got home at night, he couldn't fight more than three rounds.

"Yerce. I 'ad me tea 'alf-hour ago," he said.

He brushed his short, wiry hair, and peered closely in the mirror at his thin, white face before he put on his scarf and coat and laced his shoes. There was a hole right through the sole of one shoe, so he had to put paper inside to save his sock. Then he stood up.

He was small, a light-weight, and as he had had only eight or nine fights, his nose was not yet flattened. His skin was pale and muddy with poor food, but his body was powerful and muscular.

The fat man opened the door. "Come on, then. I want to see Levy before we go down there to-night."

"Wait a minute," Jack said, and called loudly from the front door. "G'bye, mum. Back later on," he said.

They walked along the dirty street side by side, pushing through the tangle of snotty-nosed kids that were playing hop-scotch, racing up and down; screaming.

"Where we meetin' 'im?" Jack said.

"At the caff on the corner White Street."

"What 's 'e want, eh?"

"Talk business."

"'Oo wiv? Me?"

"Why not? You 're in business, ain't you?"

"Me? I should cocoa! I 'm a boxer, ain't I?"

"Werl?"

"Oh, I dunno. I don't understand all this mucking abaht."

They walked to the end of White Street and went inside the caff there. Levy was waiting for them. He was a fat man, too, but well-dressed. He had a diamond pin in his tie, and a gold watch-chain.

"'Lo, Lou," he said. "'Lo, Jack boy. How 's tricks?"

"'Lo, Levy," Lou said.

"Mustn't grumble," Jack said.

They went over to the far end of the counter. Jack followed them, winking at the boy behind the counter.

"Now then, Jack," Levy said. "You got to do what I say this time, see?"

Jack nodded. "Yerce. I know, Mr. Levy. Last time it was accidental, see?"

"Werl, this time 's got to be right. Get it?"

Jack scowled. "Yerce, but why 'ave I gotter do all this? I can lick this bloke Wilks. I done it before."

Levy sighed. "I know that. And that 's the whole point, you cowson. Listen, kid. You 're no champion. You 're a boy in the game that wants to make some dough for himself. That right?"

"Werl, yerce. I s'pose I do."

"Right, then. You got Lou 'ere to manage you. And you got me to make the dough fer you."

"But if Lou gets caught out, and *I* do, the Board takes away me licence—and Lou's, too. And then what?"

"Listen, kid. You got it wrong. You *got* to be smart to get on. You can start doin' it your way when you 're the bleedin' champion—but *now* you talk sense, see? Now you be a sensible boy, Jacky. You been silly once, and I wouldn't want any interferin' person to report that—would I? Werl then, you goin' to be smart and do what I say?"

"But why doncher back me to lick Wilks, then? It 's a push-over—a lay-down."

"At three to one on? I should cocoa! Talk sense, kid. I 'm tryin' ter show yer how to be smart."

"You mean three to one against Wilky?"

"Yerce. Get it now? You let me play your bit, and you 'll clean when we cleans. Come in and be a sensible kid. It 's just business, see?"

Jack nodded slowly. He hated Levy; hated him for a rotten, greedy, fat cowson. Caw! Like to give him a one-two in the north and south. That would show him. "Yerce, all right, Mr. Levy," he said.

Levy began talking quietly. And five

(Concluded on page 296)

Good Clean Boy *(Continued from page 295)*

minutes later they all went out into the street. Levy started to walk off by himself.

"You two better go on wivout me," he said. "I don't want to be goin' in wiv you, see? You never know, do you?"

The fat man called Lou nodded. "Sure. C'mon, Jacky boy. We better hurry."

They left Levy and took the tram as far as Freen Road, and then walked. Jack was carrying a parcel under his arm with his kit in it. Jock-strap, shorts, boxing shoes, bandage, iodine and sponge. Lou was talking all the time.

They went in the Drill Hall by the main door, and walked through to the boxers' room. The hall was packed, and already half-filled with smoke. The floor was littered with paper, nutshells, and orange-peel. The ropes were festooned with posters for coming fights, and Jack could see his own name on one of them. He wished he could have a fag, although he knew it was silly thinking things like that, anyway. He was a bit jumpy, and scared.

Inside the dressing-room were three other boys. Two of them were quite big—welter-weights. One had changed into his fighting togs, the other was standing about in a pair of dirty under-pants. The whole place smelled of dirty feet and sweat.

"'Lo, Jack," one of the boys said. "'Oo yer fightin' to-night?"

"Charley Wilks," Jack said. "Know 'im?"

One of the boys in the corner looked up. "That's me bruvver," he said. "I 'm Charley Wilks' bruvver. 'E 's changin' nex' door."

Jack didn't say anything. He had fought Charley Wilks twice before, and licked him. He began undressing, and when he was ready he sat down with a towel around his shoulders and wished he had enough money to buy a dressing-gown like real fighters wore. Perhaps if he cut down on the smokes, and laid off the caffs for a spell, or had a good win-double on the dogs, he would be able to get one. Caw! Must be fine, reely, mustn't it? He 'd have one—a green one, silk, with "J.T." written on the back in white. Caw! Fine!

Lou came in a few minutes later and sat beside Jack on the bench. "Ready, kid?" he said. "You 're on second."

Jack sat there talking and fiddling with his bandages until Lou began fixing the gloves on. "I heard of a bloke once wot put wet wadding under his bandages, and sprinkled plaster of Paris powder on the outside his bandages. In America it was," Lou said.

Jack looked puzzled. "Yerce? Whaffor? Waddy do thaffor?" he said.

Lou grunted as he laced up the gloves that Jack pressed against his chest. "Werl. He closes his fist, see? An' the wet gets through his bandage and soaks the powder, an' it sets inter a paste. Hard as bloomin' iron, see? He gives 'is bloke a one-two, an' it 's all over. Proper gag, eh? Laugh! Caw!"

Jack didn't answer. Lou was a right cowson sometimes. He thought all the dirty tricks were funny.

The promoter came in and looked round. "Where 's Jack Tancy?" he said.

"Me," Jack said.

"Werl, carm on, fer Gawsake, kid. Your boy is in the ring."

Jack got up and followed Lou out into the hall. Caw! The first fight must have been a quick one all right.

He climbed up and ducked under the ropes, went over to his corner, and sat down. In the other corner he could see Charley Wilks. Charley was taller than he was, but thin. He had very shiny oiled hair and a scar on his chin.

While the M.C. was introducing them, Jack looked round the hall. It was packed tight, especially in the eighteenpennies upstairs. Down in the ringside he could see Levy. He had a blonde girl with him, a real rye mort, and all. Caw! Must cost plenty to get a bride like that.

"Now you make it look good," Lou said in his ear. "Give it three rounds and then 'and it 'im like Levy said."

"Does Charley know?" Jack said.

Lou grinned. "Na. Levy 's artistic. Charley would spoil it if he knew. And you don't want yer licence taken off of you, do yer?"

Jack looked away. The smell of the tobacco-smoke was terrific, and the air hot and stale.

The bell clanged, and the second and Lou got down. It clanged again, and the boys walked lightly in and touched gloves. It was a small ring, twelve feet square. And it was small because you get a lot of action that way. The boys are on top of one another the whole time. The insides of the ropes were very dirty, especially in the corners, and the matting was almost black.

For a second or two they sparred about. Then Jack lefted Charley in the mouth, and Charley backed off. They circled slowly. Charley feinted, and danced in close. He drew Jack's left and then rattled Jack's teeth with a quick one-two, poked a right into the kitchen, and was out again. Jack grunted and wiped his nose with the thumb of his glove. He looked into Charley's bright little eyes. All right, then, Mister Clever. You wait, that 's all.

He worked Charley into a corner and lefted him twice in the mouth. He slipped Charley's counter, and they clinched. Jack was good at clinches, and whacked his head twice into the other boy's face before they broke. Charley was wild as hell. He rushed Jack, and landed twice for himself. So Jack clinched. Charley's left glove seemed to get caught up under Jack's armpit. Jack pushed away, but the glove pulled him off balance, making him drop his guard. Charley gave a quick grin and banged a right to Jack's mouth.

Jack backed off, using the ring. Caw! This was no good. He danced in as Charley rushed him again and sent in a good left to the stomach. Charley doubled forward, and Jack's right moved up about nine inches. Clack! Charley gave a grunt, and sagged. In Jack's corner Lou was making signs, so Jack backed off again. But the crowd knew better, and started razzing him, so Jack shrugged at Lou and waded in again. He had Charley badly shaken when the bell went.

"Wotcher tryin' ter do?" Lou said fiercely, as he wiped Jack's chest and face. "You crazy?"

Jack didn't say anything.

"You use yer loaf, kid, see?"

"I can lick him," Jack said.

"Sure you lick 'im! I know that. But this is business."

"I——"

"Don't talk! Save it, you mug! You better do your stuff this round 'stead of next."

Jack nodded dumbly. These rotten swine! He was a mug ever to have got tied up with them. Caw! What could a chap do?

The bell went, and he got up. Charley looked better, but he had a nasty lump over his eye. His oily hair was rumpled now, and stood up in spikes.

Both boys sparred for a bit, making it look pretty. Charley got in a nice left, and followed it with a rush. He got inside and pasted Jack's ribs wickedly. Jack slipped him and got one in as he broke clear. Charley was waking up now, and shook Jack with two swings in succession. Jack wagged his head. Caw! This was silly. Mustn't lose it this way. He danced in on his toes and measured Charley with his left. Charley ducked, and ran into an upper-cut which watered his eyes. He gave Jack one in the kitchen and clinched. Jack looked over Charley's shoulder and met Lou's eye. Lou nodded at him.

Jack clubbed Charley off, and banged him hard in the jaw. Charley's legs wobbled, and Jack ran at him. His left took Charley in the stomach, his right went eight inches lower. Charley grabbed himself and went down. His face was a nasty colour, and he twisted on to his side, drawing up his knees in jerks.

Jack looked scared and sorry and ran over to the referee and apologised. Then he turned to the crowd and looked at them, throwing out his arms as if he were crucified, and shrugging his shoulders. There was a hollow feeling in the pit of his stomach.

The referee climbed into the ring and gave the fight to Charley, and the second and Charley's manager helped the boy out of the ring. He still looked bad.

Jack went back and spoke to Lou. Then he climbed down and elbowed his way through into the dressing-room.

When he was ready to leave, the promoter came for him.

"Nemind, kid," he said. "You were unlucky, see? You did all right, and the boys 'ere are for you. I 'll see Lou abaht your nex' one, see? Probably be nex' Thursday."

He gave Jack a pound-note. Jack said "Thank you," and shoved it inside his pocket. Werl, say three og for the second, five og for Lou, five og he had promised his mum—that left seven. Caw! Seven og for taking a bashing and a risk, and doing the raw on old Wilky. Lucky he had a bet on with Levy, after all.

He went out and met Lou. Lou was talking to someone.

"You go off, kid. I got some business to do," Lou said. "I 'll see you ter-morrer. You 're all right," he said in Jack's ear. "Levy says you get three quid; okay?"

"Yerce, another coupla seconds, wivaht that accident, Jacky boy, and you 'd 'ave kayoed that young Charley," the man with Lou said.

Jack grinned slightly and nodded, and went to the door. As he went out he could hear something the man was saying to Lou.

"Good kid, that," the man said. "Good clean boy."

Lou nodded. "Yerce. He 'll do all right, so long as 'e uses 'is loaf," he said.

Jack took the tram back to White Street, and stopped in at the caff. Plenty of the boys were there.

"'Lo, Jack, me old cock! How' d yer do?"

"Hi, Jacky boy! Win it?"

Jack shook his head. "Na. 'Ad 'im aht dead in the second, an' I gives 'im a low dig by mistake." He looked at the counter-boy. "Cupper tea," he said.

The counter-boy looked back at him. "How 's your pal Levy?" he said. "You mug."

Jack took the tea down the far end where the boys were larking and talking. He was wondering what the counter-boy meant, or how much he knew, or guessed.

At ten o'clock he picked up his parcel and went off home to sleep. His head was aching and he knew he was going to have a bruised kisser in the morning. His ribs were sore, too, where Charley had pasted him.

He walked along slowly, thinking. Caw! Three quid just for that! Caw! He remembered what that feller had said to Lou while he was going out. "Good clean boy," he had said. "Good clean boy."

Well, he had played dirty twice now, and he was cooked. They would make him do some more, until they, or he, was caught and kicked out of the game for good. The "Game"! The Noble Bloody Art! Caw! Strike a light!

He pressed his thick fingers gently against his bruised mouth and scowled. Three quid and seven og. Caw! He remembered the funny look the chap in the caff had given him; the funny look on young Charley's face when he went down. Caw! Poor old Charley!

He slouched slowly along until he reached No. 37. Oh, God! What could a bloke do? "Good clean boy," eh? Caw! And in a couple of weeks they would make him do it again.

He sighed heavily as he went inside the house and slammed the door.

"Good clean boy" me foot!

THE END.

Fashion as it flies . . .

by Elizabeth

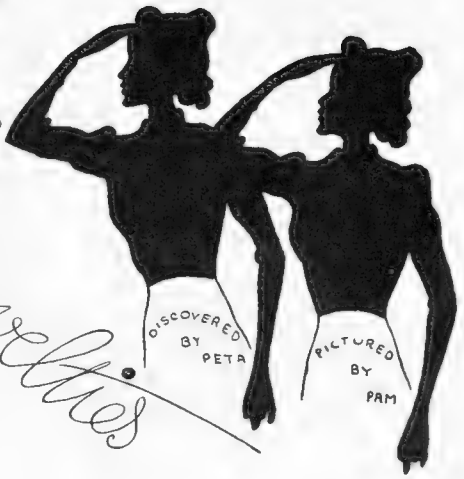
Scott Bushe

Individuality is an essential part of good dressing, and the woman who succeeds in choosing clothes to suit and accentuate her personality has achieved much. In designing his spring collection, Strassner, 48, South Audley Street, has displayed real genius, as every model possesses both distinction and originality. Tailored suits and evening dresses are among his greatest triumphs, though he is equally to be congratulated on his delightful cruising fashions. These are particularly colourful, and remind one of a painter's palette. The beautiful wrought-iron gates, which add so much to the charm of his salons, form a pleasing background for the dress on the right, in fine black crêpe with a matt surface. The brassière top is softly draped, while the slender hipline gives place to a graceful skirt, which swings open as the wearer moves, showing a bright emerald-green underskirt in finely pleated georgette with gold tissue round the hem

Fairway Fashions

It is as well to be prepared for all weathers when choosing golfing clothes, particularly at this time of year, when the finest day may be marred by treacherous winds or sharp showers. Lillywhites, of Piccadilly Circus and Knightsbridge, have designed the three practical outfits on this page. Starting from the left, we have the ideal wet-weather suit, consisting of man-tailored trousers in proofed barathea for three guineas, and a golf coat in double texture storm-cloth for thirty-nine and sixpence. It is interesting to note that trousers are becoming increasingly popular for golf, wet or fine, and Lillywhites have them in proofed poplin for thirty-five shillings. The centre player is dressed for a sunny day, and wears a diamond check tweed skirt with pleats back and front. Her jacket is in brown suède with the back, sleeves and collar closely knitted in thick wool. It is also available in other colours for four guineas. A delightful suit for spectator wear completes the trio. It is tailored in Scotch tweed, and costs seven and a half guineas. Incidentally, the skirt is perfectly suitable for golf, as it is cut with inverted pleats and concealed slits which afford complete freedom

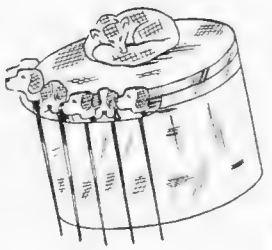
THE BYSTANDER TWINS in search of novelties



A useful cocktail accessory is sketched below from the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, 112, Regent Street. This chromium-plated stirrup-iron has been converted into a stand for cherry-picks, and contains a cherry-jar with a china fox curled up on the lid

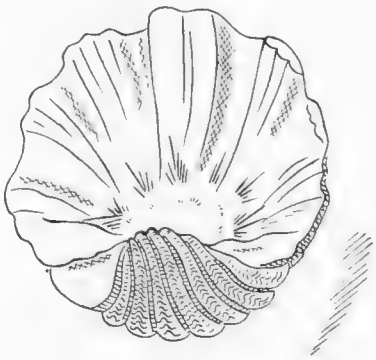
Hand-painted hunting scenes add colour and character to this handsome whisky decanter from the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company. It is modelled in clear glass with a finely cut stopper, and costs three guineas

There seems no limit to what women will wear on their heads this season, and this sea-shell covered in green feather pads is only one of the many enchanting hats which Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street, are now showing. It fits the head like a skull-cap, and is softened by a black veil strewn with green fish



People who hunt will consider themselves flattered if you send them this china box with picks for stuffed olives, cherries or other delicacies. It comes from the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, and is truly sporting in character, though unfortunately not true to life; as which of us has ever seen a pack of hounds mounting guard over a fox while it sleeps?

These menu-holders, complete with matches, form an attractive table decoration for a dinner party, as they are mounted with various different game-birds in painted china. A set of twelve would make a delightful wedding present. From the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company



Artistic lighting makes all the difference to a room, and Janet Kaines, 47, South Audley Street, who specialises in interior decoration, is showing these delightful wall brackets for electric light, in the shape of white plaster shells. They can be painted or distempered in any colour and cost £2 10s. each. An amusing ornament is the dark red giraffe for three guineas

If you want to be thoroughly unconventional, you will choose this reading-lamp in verdigris bronze with cactus and other tropical plants growing round the base. It is another of Janet Kaine's ideas for lighting, and is most striking in modern surroundings

Golf Clubs at Home

Filton, Bristol

This club was founded in 1909 with a course of nine holes, which was extended to eighteen in 1912. It is situated on high ground above Bristol and the river and commands fine views; from the club-house, for instance, can be seen Abergavenny's sugar loaf and the Cotswolds. The hazards are mostly artificial, apart from infrequent trees. The total length is 5837

(1) T. S. Foweraker (captain). (2) A. C. Vowles (director and ex-captain). (3) C. F. Griffey (committee). (4) J. E. Galpin, W. B. Heyward (secretary) and F. C. Haydon. (5) F. E. Davey, N. Rowbottam, J. S. Daniel, C. F. Abell. (6) T. H. M. Brown. (7) G. M. Kinlock. (8) W. Skelton. (9) T. H. Hill, H. M. Arrowsmith, A. E. Dodman, C. R. D. Berrett. (10) W. G. Hardwick and J. R. Robertson. (11) J. H. Youngman. (12) F. P. Harborne, C. J. Crossfield, J. R. Crossfield, J. K. Mackintosh, J. P. Armstrong, H. G. Davis and E. H. Simmonds

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

God Bless the Amateur Status !

At this time of the year, when little golf except Alliance meetings and matches between the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge and clubs in the vicinity of London is played, it is difficult for those who have to write about the game of golf to find anything of interest to write about. Fortunately, there are at least two subjects which can always be brought to the rescue, year after year: namely, the amateur status and the stymie. This week I have had to fall back on the definition of the amateur golfer, and I am grateful to the L.G.U. for putting it once more in the limelight.

At the Annual General Meeting of the L.G.U., Surrey proposed new definitions of the amateur and of the professional golfer, which would affect solely members of the L.G.U., and proposed that the definition of an amateur, as determined by the Championship Committee of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club, should not apply to members of the L.G.U. Surrey's resolution, which was seconded by Kent, read as follows: "That the definitions of a professional and an amateur golfer, as applied to women golfers, members of the L.G.U., shall be laid down solely by the Ladies' Golf Union on the following lines: A professional is one who carries clubs for hire or receives any consideration, either directly or indirectly for playing or for teaching the game (with the exception of instruction in writing), or for playing in a match or tournament. All others are amateurs. That the Rules and Regulations be altered accordingly."

The Championship Committee of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club is responsible for the definitions of amateur and professional golfers, and its definition of an amateur golfer must be easily the longest and most complicated definition of an amateur of any game. The definition of the professional golfer, as decided by the Championship Committee of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club, is short and clear; it reads as follows: "A professional golfer is a player who has played for a money prize, or has received payment for playing or teaching the game." This is surely a very good definition of what the majority of people understand a professional to be.

Instead of saying that all other golfers are amateurs, this clear definition is spoilt by the addition of the following: "Note.—The Championship Committee of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews rules that the following come within this definition —those who teach golf for remuneration, either by personal demonstration or by lecturing or allowing themselves to be filmed."

This addition immediately makes matters more complicated. If we look at the golfing papers and weekly illustrated periodicals, we are always finding photographs of amateurs who have been filmed. Although there is no question that these men have been filmed, they have apparently not *allowed* themselves to be filmed, and thus are within the law. Two or three years ago, I was at a golf club at the seaside, when a man arrived with a cinematograph camera and proceeded to film as many of the members of the club as would allow themselves to be filmed, Of course, none of these people allowed themselves to be filmed for remuneration, but if any of them desired to be dishonest, it would be very difficult to prove whether they had been remunerated in secret or not.

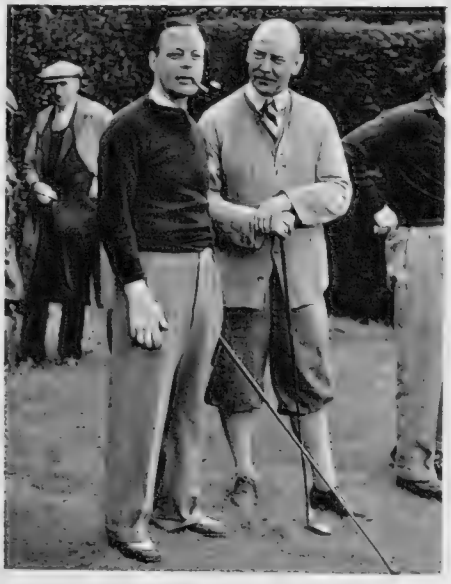
There is no doubt that the definition of an amateur at golf is more difficult than at many other games, and whatever your definition is, there are bound to be some people who will find a loop-hole in it, and people of this sort will manage to get round it, but they will not be able to do so for very long without being found out. My colleagues in the police during the great Strike told me time and again that there is a wide difference between finding the culprit and proving him guilty.

If the organisers of amateur competitions would always reserve the right to refuse any entry without stating any reason whatsoever, and refuse the entries of those about whom they have the slightest doubt, all would be well, or as near well as makes no difference. If people are determined to break the law, you can do little to stop them from doing so. It is clear that the definition of the amateur, which came into force on January 1st, 1934, and which was supposed to make very much clearer exactly who an amateur golfer is, has had a completely opposite effect. Since this definition came into force, there have been more arguments about who is, and who is not, an amateur golfer than ever before, and the answer has been on many occasions somewhat ambiguous and has not given anything like complete satisfaction.

Perhaps next autumn we shall see some radical changes in the Championship Committee of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club, and with these changes, if they are made, we can hope to see a new, better and shorter definition of the amateur golfer.

How lucky is the cricketer as regards amateur status! If a professional wishes to play as an amateur, all he has to do is to say so, and providing his expenses as an amateur do not exceed his expenses plus his salary as a professional, I am quite sure his club or county will be only too pleased for him to play as an amateur. Conversely, if an amateur wishes to become a professional and he can find some person or club to pay him for playing or teaching, all well and good, if not he remains an amateur. There are no arguments, and no reinstatement of amateur status is required at cricket. It is possible according to the present definitions of amateur and professional golfers for a man to be neither an amateur nor a professional, but something in between, which is really most unsatisfactory to all concerned.

Col. Ledingham and J. H. Strachan



R. C. Brooks and G. E. C. Wood

The Conservative Club's Golf Tournament at Woking was a social and sporting success, as you may judge from the cheerful stances of these players. The morning's singles were won by H. Howell, with 73; the bogey foursomes by J. L. Docker and J. N. Sword, one down

R. W. Turner, A. R. Tanner, A. Dawson

A. C. Palmer, Captain B. Cartwright

Women's Golf

The Notice Board : By Eleanor E. Helme

THE wind blows, the snow drifts—by the sound of that sentence there ought to be some third aspect of misery to set down, only for the life of me I cannot think of one. I have a warm fire, a comfortable chair, a first-class typewriter; therefore, why should I grumble because the idea of going out—which is quite unnecessary at the moment—is disagreeable? Let us be thankful for the comforts of home, and think about better things to come.

First amongst these, not counting the Ladies' London Foursomes, will be the Roehampton Gold Cup open meeting, which takes place on Friday, March 18th, entries closing March 12th, a fixture which has a zest all its own, and the Cup a most distinguished list of holders. Four days later is the Sandy Lodge Jubilee Cup open meeting, entries also closing March 12th, which has always (touch wood) been remarkable for the most amazingly beautiful weather. On that same day, March 22nd, entries close for the Sunningdale Foursome Tournament, the unique event in which you may be a professional (man) and play off plus 2; a lady (amateur or professional) and play off 4; or an "other golfer" (including assistants) and play off scratch. This most interesting affair takes place on Thursday, Friday and Saturday, March 31st, and April 1st and 2nd; it is always well worth watching as well as playing in, and the news that Sir John and Lady Heathcoat Amory have entered will presumably set all Worplesdon, and a good many others, running Sunningdale-wards to see how this pair can fare with a joint handicap of 4.

Golf News from Florida

Patty Berg, the curly-haired, freckled, fifteen-year-old golfer, faced the camera at Coral Gables, Fla., with the Grace Doherty Cup in her capable hands. She won the trophy for the third time running by beating Jane Cothran Jameson, of Palm Beach, in the Miami championship

Left are Miss Diana Fishwick and Mrs. Philip Hill at Palm Beach. Miss Fishwick barely failed to qualify for the local title tournament with 45+40=85; Mrs. Hill qualified, but while in play £18,000 worth of her jewels were stolen from the house where she was staying

WHILST on the subject of coming events, secretaries responsible for open meetings should ponder well over an item which came up under "other business" at the L.G.U. Annual General Meeting. It appears that the Association of Golf Club Secretaries has been pondering the evil ways of women in the matter of open meeting notices, which they send out in such gigantic form that the clubs receiving them have simply no space to display more than one out of the dozen or so which reach them from various clubs. The result is that none can be displayed, or, at best, the restraining nail is stuck through the whole lot, so that they hang one on top of the other, only to be read by the most persevering and determined. Accordingly, the big notice merely defeats its own end, and the secretaries begged the L.G.U. to urge the use of notices at least no bigger than octavo size. As the secretaries were led by Mr. C. K. Cotton, who used to be at Stoke Poges, it is certain that all who experienced his kindness in their Girls' Championship days will listen to his advice. It is to be hoped others will do the same. If anybody does not know what octavo is, and if they find that even a usually expansive authority like the Concise Oxford Dictionary can only inform them that it is "(Size of) book or page given by folding sheets three times or into eight leaves," then let them ask their printer. Or, better still, decide on the smallest notice possible, in the hope that sheer originality will lead people to read it.

Watching Sunningdale Win

Sunningdale defeated their Oxford visitors (having done the same to Cambridge a fortnight before) by twelve points to six. Watching the match were the Hon. Osmund and Mrs. Scott, Sir Guy Campbell and Miss Gwen Cradock-Hartopp

I OFTEN think that a club's notice-board is a pretty sure index of the character of the club itself. The higgledy-piggledy conglomeration of obsolete notices of meetings long over; temporary local rules which have ceased to be operative; lists of officials who have since resigned—these are to be found generally in the same club where any self-respecting dustman would make a bonfire of the shoes and clothes in the dressing-room; where the table-cloths have the stains of last week-end's meals; and pickled cabbage seem the chief item of food offered. That is not the sort of club where the team wins matches, or young players of first class develop. The slackness, the lack of method seem to creep like rust over everything. Quite otherwise is the notice-board of the energetic club, however small. Notices of importance are clean and legible; open meeting circulars, if they cannot all be displayed, are at least accessible and orderly; the results of the last competition are up, the L.G.U. sheets in their right place, properly completed. It is not a question of means. The secretary with the very best baize-covered notice-board will have it looking like nothing on earth in a few weeks if she be slovenly-minded. Let us hope that the valuable minute or two of "other business" at the L.G.U. meeting will bear fruit in many club-houses.

"Bystander" Ladies' Northern Foursomes

The entry form is on page iv

At the Bullingdon "Grind"

Lord Haig was Third

Lord Haig rode his Hitler in the President's Cup and came in third behind J. D. Summers and Lord Lansdowne

Lord Granby and Miss Brand

The Duke of Rutland's son, who will be nineteen in May, walked round at Somerton with Virginia Brand, the Hon. Robert Brand's elder daughter

Three Girls and a Banker

Miss Jean Loder and Miss Gillian Strutt talked to Miss Dinah Brand and her father, the Hon. Robert Brand, who went over to Somerton from Eydon Hall, near Rugby. Dinah Brand is Mr. Brand's younger daughter and will be eighteen this year

Miss Winn, Miss Digby, Mr. Astor and Mr. Windham

Miss Pauline Winn, the Hon. Charles Winn's daughter, and the Hon. Pamela Digby, Lord and Lady Digby's daughter, are two of this year's debutantes. The Hon. John Jacob Astor, Lord and Lady Astor's youngest son, is up at New College. They were all at Somerton for the Bullingdon Club point-to-point

Miss Mitford and Mr. Balfour

The Hon. Deborah Mitford is another of this year's eighteen-year-olds; she is the youngest of Lord Redesdale's six daughters. With her is Anthony Balfour

Howard Marshall on Sport

THINGS are beginning to hum in the cricket world. Important meetings at Lord's. Speculations and rumours. The selecting of Selectors. The England captaincy. Really big stuff.

With my fingers freezing to the typewriter, and the cold north-easter blowing, thoughts of cricket are pleasant. Shall we ever welcome the tinkle of ice against glass again? Or take off our coats and mop our brows in the Old Trafford sunshine? It won't be so very long now, my masters. "Bradman is icumen in—murie sing cuccu!"

The choosing of the England Selectors by the Test Match Board of Control on March 8th is a matter of some moment. They say there may be changes, but I doubt it. Our old friends Sir Pelham Warner, Mr. P. Perrin, and Mr. T. A. Higson are prepared to serve again, and I think our destinies will be entrusted once more to their care.

Quite apart from all questions of qualification, it is extremely difficult to find men who can spare sufficient time for a Selector's job. The travelling involved is immense, and anyone who accepts the responsibility must be prepared to spend the whole summer on cricket fields.

Not a bad way of spending a summer, certainly, but men of the requisite standing who can do it are rare. It is not everyone, moreover, who would care to stand up and be shot at by all and sundry, which is the lot of Selectors.

If England win, well and good. The selectorial wisdom is supreme. If England lose, the players are never at fault, but always the Selectors. The world, as George Borrow sagely observed, can bully, and is fond—provided it sees a man in a kind of difficulty—of getting about him, calling him coarse names, and even going so far as to hustle him.

All Selectors, whatever their game, will agree that this is so. They would be well advised to read further in their Borrow, and when folks are disposed to ill-treat them, tip them Long Melford, to which, as the saying goes, there is nothing comparable for shortness all the world over.

It is true, mind you, that upon wise selection the future of the Ashes depends. We can beat Australia, if we pick the right men. And first we must beat our absurd inferiority complex.

Sailor, Sportsman, Actor, Manager

Com. H. G. Stoker has in his time played many parts, and with success. He got a D.S.O. for taking the first submarine through the Dardanelles, played Rugger, hockey, and lawn tennis for the Navy, began acting in 1920, specialised in colonels (v. "Journey's End"), now manager of "Black Swans" at the Apollo

Trainee and Trainer

Mr. Herbert Pervin, professional to the Cumberland and Herga lawn tennis clubs, is a coach of past—and future—Wimbledon stars. He has great confidence in the younger generation, and is here at work with Dorothy Evans, fourteen-year-old junior champion of Dorset

WHEN the Selectors, for good or ill, are firmly placed on their thrones, they will at once have to consider the choice of an England captain, and co-opt him to their councils. Who is this man of destiny likely to be? Never was there a more difficult question. G. O. Allen? If he is fighting fit, and can spare the time, Allen by all means. But he is thirty-six years of age, and a fast bowler. Awkward. R. W. V. Robins? Why not? He has ideas—too many, some people think, though I do not agree with them—and the fighting spirit. But will he necessarily be a first choice as a player? Well, this is the Selectors' pigeon. They are welcome to it, poor souls!

LEAVING affairs of State for a moment, I see that Mr. Tony Galento, a New York bar-tender, has found backers to the extent of many thousand pounds against Joe Louis for the world heavy-weight title. I suspect that Mr. Galento is flying a publicity kite. Joe Louis is playing ball with Mike Jacobs, and Mr. Galento is not in that picture yet.

He is a colourful person, for all that. He trains on the odd mixture of beer and cigars. The New York Boxing Commission are deeply concerned about these habits. Mr. Galento must give

(Concluded on page 306)

Runners to Sealyhams

Major Sir Jocelyn Lucas is Master of a pack of Sealyhams; it consists of about thirty couples, hunts rabbits and an occasional hare, is followed on foot. The Master was photographed with Sir Elliot Philipson-Stow and Miss Jill Philipson-Stow when dogs met at Blackdown House, Fernhurst, Surrey

Rider to Hounds

Much more orthodox was Lady Yarborough, whose husband is Master of the Brocklesby; she was a Belvoir follower when hounds met at Garthorpe, and was talking to Lord Burnham

Nightgown of exquisite hand-work, combines chiffon, satin and fine ecru lace. From the Lingerie Salon—all shades to order. 8 Gns.

Harrods Ltd London SW1

Howard Marshall on Sport *(Continued from page 304)*

up such frivolities, they say, to which he replies that before he knocked the daylight out of Al Ettore last year he drank a full quart of his own old ale, and what do they know about that?

Mr. Galento must have much in common with our own Frank Hough, the non-stop boxer, who mixes fighting, singing and dancing to such a degree that he has tired himself out, an accusation which he would most strenuously deny. He is taking a little holiday now, nevertheless, and I wish he would make it a couple of months instead of the scheduled one.

TURNING to the football world, where sensations absorb one another so quickly that the weekly commentator has no chance of keeping up with them, the Football Association have at last conquered caution, and announced that Wembley Stadium will accommodate the Cup Final for the next twenty-six years.

That means a tidy little job for Wembley and Mr. Arthur Elvin. Unfortunately, Mr. Elvin cannot go ahead with his plans for extending the Stadium as swiftly as he would wish. He would like to increase the seating accommodation to 170,000 in three years, but the Football Association have only agreed so far to the first stage of his schemes. Still, this implies that in two years' time 130,000 will be able to see the Final. And you can safely book your seats for 1964 now!

I AM glad, by the way, that Miss Cecilia Colledge has been so handsomely cleared of charges of bad sportsmanship by the Vice-President of the International Skating Union.

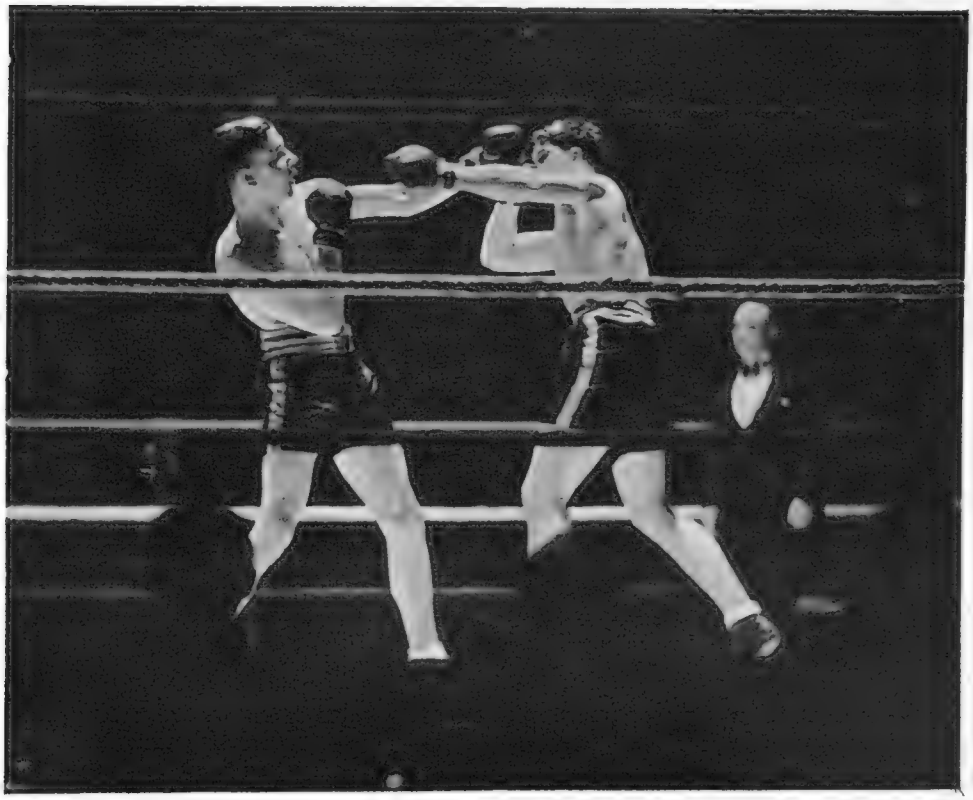
As I said last week, it was hard to believe the stories which came from Stockholm after Miss Colledge had lost her title so narrowly to Miss Megan Taylor. Anyone who has had the pleasure of meeting Miss Colledge will appreciate that these stories sounded most improbable, and I for one welcome Mr. Clarke's assertion that "throughout Miss Colledge behaved in an absolutely sporting manner, and there was nothing in her actions, conduct or words which could give rise to any questions on this score."

SO to next Saturday, and Ireland's match with Scotland at Murrayfield. On form, this should be a massacre, with Scotland romping home by about fifty points. Did not Scotland beat Wales, who had beaten England, who beat Ireland at Dublin by the incredible score of 36 points to 14? Work it out, and you will be shouting for a calculating machine.

I suspect myself that the form is sadly wrong, blown all out of shape by the gales which roared at Cardiff and Dublin. Ireland did not look a great side against England. They looked, indeed, the pale ghost of a bad one. Their forwards were shocking, and when Irish forwards fail we have no standards left. Their backs were indifferent, to say the least of it.

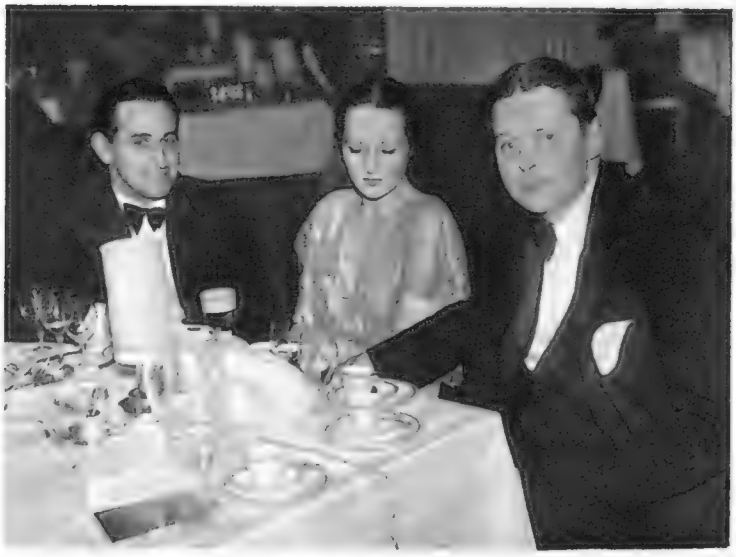
Even so, I remember the wind which blew behind England in the first half, and I am quite prepared to see the Irishmen knock the stuffing out of Scotland. Rugby football cannot be calculated by rule of thumb. For which we may be profoundly thankful.

As for England, the omens are good. Scotland must beware at Twickenham. We have a rod in pickle for them, or I am much mistaken. And watch young R. M. Marshall. There is a likely player for you. A Wakefield in the making. May nothing check his progress.



Two Lefts Failed to Connect

Prince Rex Romus, of Russia won his fight on points over eight rounds against Stan Kirby, of Leicester. It was one of the fights on the N.S.C.'s programme at Earl's Court when Hough succeeded in beating Emile Ollive



Supping After Watching Boxing

A dance was held at the Empress Stadium after the N.S.C.'s tournament, when former spectators got a chance to exercise their own limbs. Right are Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Paravicini talking to band leader Jack Harris; above are Mr. Nicky Embiricos, Mrs. Horlick, and Lord Queensberry at supper

Dancing After Supping

This England . . .

Cuckmere and Windover Hill—Sussex.

OUTCRY there is and a great flowing of words upon the destruction of old country cottages. For, says Authority, unless they be made habitable, they must go. Pity 'tis, for those of us who love to look at them, yet it would seem that in the main Authority has the right of it. For if we love this England we must also have a care for these English, and a healthy home is their children's birthright. Indeed, a rising instinct for health is everywhere; as the cities increase, so does the swimming-pool, the sports club, the hiking—and the consuming of good beer. So is yet another generation finding its Worthington to be the healthiest beverage there is for folk who would be healthy.

. . . by Worthington

THE *Ideal* TRAVEL LAND

THE fascinating allure of Africa is as strong to-day as in the days of Drake and other explorers. The voyage there constitutes a "Cruise" of 14 to 17 happy days and at the end of it Summer is waiting in all her South African glory. Beautiful landscapes delight the traveller and everywhere a profusion of wild flowers weaves an amazing patchwork of enchanting colours.

For those seeking rest and quietude there are many hamlets along the sea board and in the interior. For excitement there is an area of 8,000 square miles in which wild animal life, including the "King of Beasts," can be studied in safety.

Illustration above shows the Howick Falls, Natal.

Illustration below shows Zebra and Wildebeeste in the Kruger Wild Life Sanctuary.

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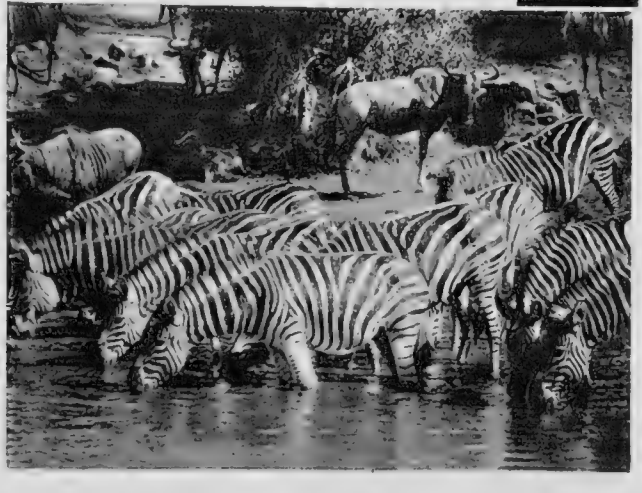
means

Sunshine all the Way

Descriptive brochures obtainable from the Travel Bureau, South Africa House, London, W.C.2, or the principal Travel Agencies.



Motoring Commentary

By Alan C. Hess

The Morris "Twenty-Five" (Series III)

Mr. Hess deals with it this week

A BIT of a war is in progress at the time of writing between—on my left—Mr. Leslie Wilson of Shelsley Walsh, and—on my right—the B.B.C.

For years past, the B.B.C. has regularly broadcast a running commentary on the Shelsley Hill-climb, and this transmission has proved one of the most popular sporting broadcasts of the year. On the night of the climb, a recorded version is repeated to listeners on the Empire wave-length, and this has produced letters of appreciation from all parts of the Dominions and elsewhere overseas. One man, writing to Leslie Wilson from Canada, told him how he and a bunch of his pals club together each year, and motor 150 miles through the night to the nearest wireless set capable of receiving this programme.

All this, together with the belief that the broadcast commentary diminishes his "gate," has led Wilson to demand that in future the B.B.C. must pay for the privilege of broadcasting from Shelsley. Personally, I do not believe that the broadcast does have much effect upon the "gate," even though the hill is, admittedly, somewhat inaccessible. I think that, if it is fine, people go there because no commentary can do full justice to the climb, while if it is wet (as notoriously it very often is), those people who stay at home to listen-in would have stayed at home in any case.

Certain it is that the B.B.C. has done a very great deal to put the Shelsley Walsh Hill-climb "on the map," and what the outcome of the existing differences will be it is hard to say yet, for one thing which *is* assured is that the B.B.C. will not agree to pay. This year, in particular, a broadcast of Shelsley would be appreciated by thousands who cannot attend, for there is to be a class for pre-war cars!

IT will be a bad day for motoring sport in general when other sporting promoters take the same view as Leslie Wilson. Donington has already sent out "feelers," I understand, but I fancy Craner knows the value of the B.B.C. publicity too well to make difficulties about granting them facilities at his events.

This, it seems to me, is one of those occasions when a Motor Racing Promoters' Association (if there were one) might do useful work in negotiating co-operative action in the interests of the sport as a whole.

Meanwhile, the subject of television of motor-racing events opens up further possibilities. Last year the Imperial Trophy Race at the Crystal Palace was televised, and this year, again, that race is to be similarly transmitted. During the past few weeks, experiments have been proceeding at Brooklands to find out if conditions there are satisfactory, in which case races at the track will be televised this summer. The first readings, I understand, were not too encouraging, but it is believed that the present "technical hitches" will be overcome.

CHARLES GOODACRE is unlikely to do so much racing in future as he has done during the past two years, for he has resigned from his position in the experimental department of the Austin Motor

(*Concluded on page* 310)

Strike the Happy Mean

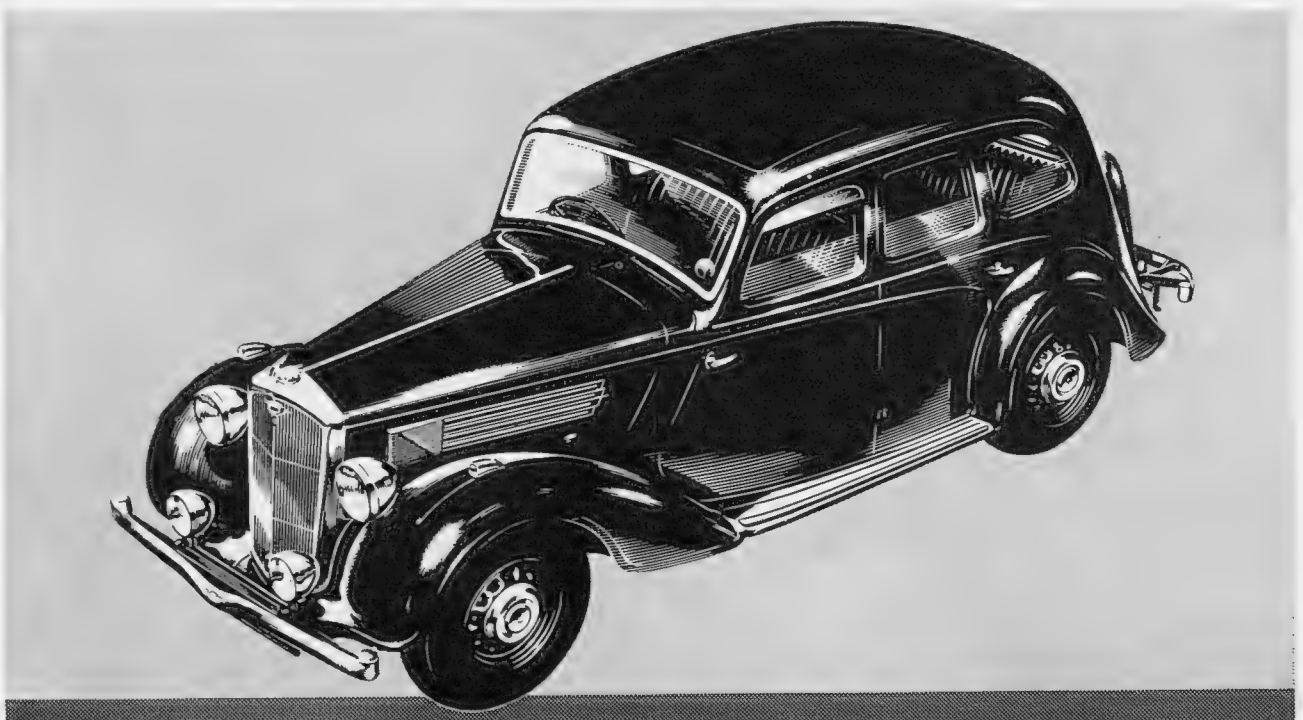
"Strike the happy mean," is sound car philosophy. An extra 10 m.p.h. is dearly bought if you have to stand the racket of discomfort. Snake-like body lines are poor exchange for ample head room and safe road vision.

Is there any happy mean between the car one cannot afford to drive and the car one cannot afford to be seen driving ?

The intelligent man's solution is Wolseley. He is able to get from one place to another at speed consistent with luxurious comfort and easy effortless control of his car which, in roominess, airiness and silence has all the amenities of his private study.

Moreover, both the price and character of his Wolseley are exactly en suite with his standing in life. Wolseley Cars are a classic example of the Englishman's genius for balance which successfully assures him everything he desires.

"I have had a long experience of cars of various makes but I can honestly say that I have never enjoyed driving a car so much as the 18/80 saloon. It combines good looks. roominess, economy and excellent performance." (So says Mr. H. C. Neill of Reigate, who anent one of our recent advertisements in which the word "Beautility" was used, says that Pericles's speech in Thucydides proves that the Greeks had a word for Wolseley all-round excellence). The Wolseley 18/80 is priced from £380.



WOLSELEY

THE TRUSTWORTHY CAR

WOLSELEY MOTORS LTD., WARD END, BIRMINGHAM, 8. London Distributors: Eustace Watkins Ltd., Berkeley St., W.1. Sole Exporters: M.I.E. Ltd., Cowley, Oxford, England.
BETTER BUILT—A BRITISH CAR

"She'll never say 'No' . . . on 'BP' Ethyl!"

BP ETHYL

FASTEST for cars

Motoring Commentary

(Continued from page 308)

Company, to take up a post in the export department of the Anglo-American Oil Company.

Goodacre still has an arrangement with Austins under which he can drive for them, but it appears that his new job will make considerable demands upon his time—which is a pity, for many followers of the sport hold a very high opinion of Goodacre's driving, some even going so far as to rank him as the best of all the youngsters.

THE 25-h.p. Morris (Series III.) is a car of distinction. It is powerful yet tractable, roomy yet "handy," fast yet reasonably economical, and fitted with a three-speed gear-box, yet sweet-running at low speeds in top. It is very definitely a car which grows on one the more one drives it. Acceleration is snappy and road-holding at all speeds gives the driver a feeling of great confidence. Perhaps because I was alone almost all the time I had this Morris on the road, I found the springing a little harsh. It gave me the impression of having been designed to be run with a goodly load in the back. The lines of this car are pleasing. There is nothing bizarre about them, and, whereas there is an entire absence of luxury equipment (not unnaturally at £320, with a six-cylinder power-unit of 3485 c.c.), every necessity is there, and many commendable details which manufacturers of far more costly cars might do well to emulate.

This Morris product is essentially a practical car. It is easy to maintain, accessible and clean. The engine is quiet, the driving position is just right, and the instruments are intelligently grouped. The petrol tank holds 13 gallons, which, if my calculations were right—for a change—gives a driving range of something approaching 200 miles.

The gear-box, with synchromesh on second and top, is a sheer delight; the powerful and positive Lockheed brakes inspire confidence, and I appreciate the convenience of being able instantly to adjust the centrally-disposed hand-brake from the driver's seat.

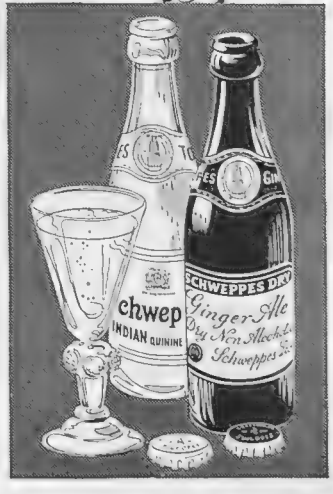
Altogether, the Morris 25-h.p. (Series III.) is a fine example of modern car-design and of British workmanship. It represents sound value for money for anyone who wants a really serviceable car, adequate alike for hard work under really tough conditions, or for town-carriage work in London. (*Picture on p.* 308).

Car and Castle

The castle is Whittington Castle near Oswestry; the car is the Austin "Big Seven" saloon, priced, with sliding roof, at £149 10s.

PEPYS *into this* THIRST QUESTION

FEB. 1ST By traine to Dorking to look into a house, my wife and I having a mind to live soon in the country. Which proved a journey wasted, for the house was in no wise as the Agent described it, but a cramped narrow dogg-hole. So to an Inn nearby, where I bade the serving-maid procure me a Schweppes Tonic Water and my wife a Ginger Ale. Upon these being served, my wife and I discerned a certain lack of zest and liveliness in our drinks. Whereupon we asked if they were indeed of Schweppes, and discovered that they were not. And we staid complaining so hotly to the Keeper of the Inn that we escaped missing our traine by a bare minute.



BE SURE YOU SAY

Schweppes

PURVEYORS OF NOBLE REFRESHING DRINKS DURING EIGHT REIGNS

Modern Aids to Beauty

Spring-Clean Your Skin

COMPLEXIONS, like flowers, should bloom in the spring, but unfortunately they so often wither during the winter months that it takes more than a burst of sunshine to restore them to life. This is due very largely to lack of fresh air and over-heated rooms, both of which tend to dry up the natural oils which keep the skin young and supple. A course of feeding, however, will soon restore life and vigour to a tired complexion, and Tangee, whose make-up preparations are so well known, are also the makers of excellent nourishing creams. Their Doriot Lemon Cleansing Cream is ideal, as it penetrates right into the pores and, like a magnet, draws out all dust, dirt and powder. A large jar costs 3s. 6d. For nourishing the tissues there is Tangee Night Cream (4s. 6d.), which is also an excellent cleanser, while Tangee Day Cream, is a delightful powder foundation. The well-known Tangee rouge and lipstick, which are sold practically everywhere, achieve an absolutely natural make-up; the "theatrical" shade should be used in the evening.

The Powers of Perfume

To be described as nondescript is very disconcerting, as it usually means that one is lacking in looks, charm, and individuality. Whereas a pretty face cannot always be achieved, charm and a distinctive personality can definitely be acquired by the use of scent. "Recital," Millot's new perfume, is ideal for the spring as it radiates youth and joie de vivre. Its creator has allowed himself a play upon words by comparing this scent to music with its rising and falling tones and gradations. He declares that here you will find all the varying cadences of a melody: jasmine, hyacinth, chypre, and orange blossom succeed one another in "Recital," as one note of music follows another, never intermingling but making an effect of great harmony. This perfume, though less exotic than Millot's "Crêpe-de-Chine," is subtle and arresting, so that every woman who uses it unconsciously acquires a certain poise. In this way it is particularly good for the debutante who lacks savoir faire, as it gives her confidence and a feeling of success. It is from 5s. a bottle.

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the fitting reply to a Fitter Britain

Swimming Pool and Dressing Rooms designed and built for the Marquis of Anglesey.

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". . . you can never be too old, too busy, or too fit to be fit. Join with us and make with us a fitter and so a happier and richer Britain."
Mr. OLIVER STANLEY, *President of the Board of Education*

"EN-TOUT-CAS" are the largest makers of Sports Courts in Great Britain—

HARD LAWN TENNIS AND SQUASH COURTS, SWIMMING POOLS, ETC.

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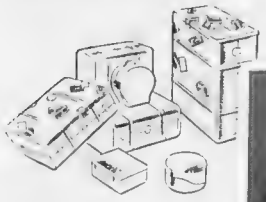

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The Future in the Air

By Charles Ward

Not in twenty years have there been so many rumours as are current at this moment, and even if only half of them turn out to rest on foundations of fact, aviation in the near future is going to be both big and interesting business. It may be that it is confidence in the immediate future which is causing so much activity behind the scenes.

There is a growing feeling that the air rearmament programme must be followed inevitably by a boom in civil aviation, and there is every reason for this belief. Works are being built everywhere for the manufacture of air-frames and aero engines; many thousands of extra hands have been taken on and taught the business; hundreds of fellows are learning to fly in the Royal Air Force as short-service and auxiliary officers. At present all this energy is being directed to the output and maintenance of military machines, but after the peak is passed—reckoned to be about the summer of 1939—what then? Are these works to be closed down and thousands of men thrown out of work? It seems far more likely that aircraft manufacturers will plan a campaign to keep their plant in service.

It would be a fairly easy matter to forecast the direction in which the various firms in the industry will look. Shorts will certainly be busy on a replacement of the Empire flying-boat and the 200-ton boat is no longer a dream. De Havillands and Armstrong-Whitworths will probably continue turning out land machines for air-line operators, Armstrongs doing the heavy stuff, following up the recently-launched "Ensign," and de Havillands the smaller but faster ten-to-sixteen-seater class. They may also produce in quantities a modification of the "Albatross" for Transatlantic summer services.

The R.A.F. moves at "Hurricane" speed. A snapshot of the Hawker monoplane with Rolls-Royce engine which created a new but unofficial land 'plane speed record last week. Squadron-Leader J. W. Gillan flew from Edinburgh to London at an average of 408·7 miles an hour

Perhaps the aspect which offers most scope for speculation is the light-aeroplane market. It would need a brave man to prophesy with confidence what lies ahead in this field, but those who watch events in America may have learned something from the rapid development of the Taylor "Cub," which is fast proving that there is a market for the right sort of light aeroplane—at the right price.

The story of the "Cub" reads like fiction. I believe the concern was started by three optimists who left the employment of one of the major aircraft companies. With private backing they produced the sort of aeroplane which they felt was needed by the ordinary club member. I am told that no fewer than eighty-five of these machines—all standard type—recently forgathered at a "Cub" rally. So confident of success are the directors of this company that they are—I am informed—preparing the biggest push the light-aeroplane market has yet seen, so it is possible that a British version of this aeroplane will soon take the place once held by the Moth.

This leads us to another intriguing problem. Assuming that there is a boom in private flying, where are all these pilots going to play? It is certain that many of the aerodromes which have wooed them in the past will no longer want them; they will be far too occupied with serious air transportation.

Gliding, too, is on the increase. Every fine week-end sees scores of enthusiasts soaring in the blue—not always able to choose their line of flight. A day or two ago a young lady landed near the buffaloes at Whipsnade Zoo! When air transportation starts in a big way these casual travellers will be to the air-liner pilots what a lot of small sailing-craft would be to the captain of the Queen Mary.

Yes, the immediate future is going to be very interesting—and, perhaps, amusing.

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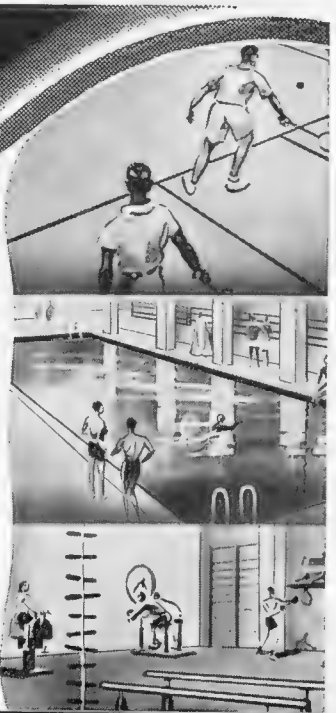

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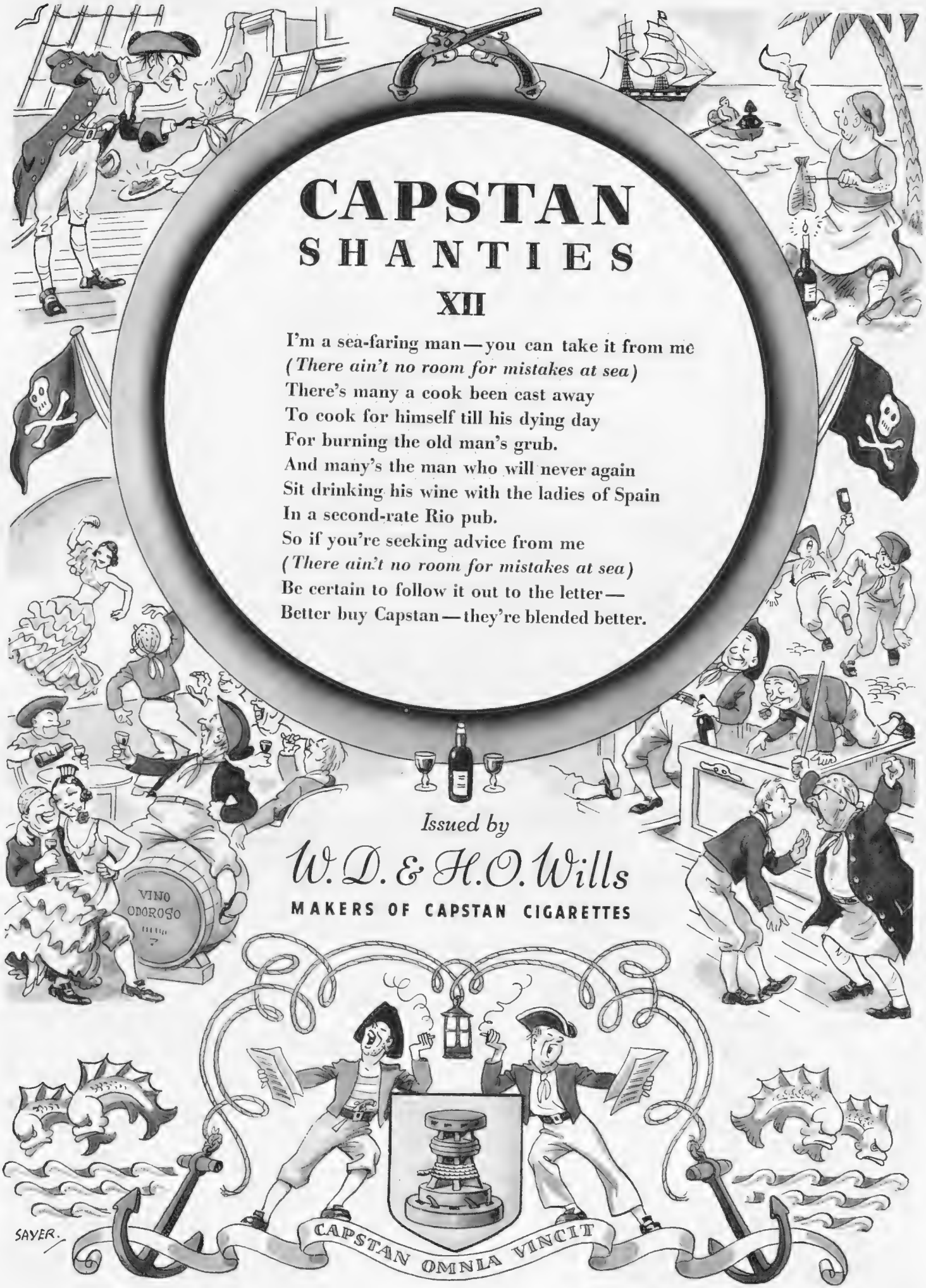

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The "Bystander" Ladies' Northern Foursomes (16th Year)

The "Bystander" Ladies' Northern Foursomes, 1938, will be held at Sand Moor, near Leeds, by kind invitation, April 5th to April 8th. Also N.P.F.A. competition.

Holders: Miss Cradock-Hartopp and the late Miss Bridget Newell.

HOTELS

The address of Miss Helme during the Foursomes will be PROSPECT HOTEL, HARROGATE. '*Phone:* Harrogate 3015.
Special terms to competitors at the Prospect Hotel will be
14s. per day inclusive of dinner, bed, baths, breakfast.
16s. ditto, with private bath.
31s. ditto, twin-bedded room with private bath.

Special terms quoted by other Hotels at Harrogate are:
Crown: 16s. per day, inclusive, for dinner, bed, bath, breakfast.
Granby: 15s. inclusive, as above. Most of the bedrooms have private bathroom attached.
Harrogate Hydro: 12s. 6d. inclusive of bedroom, breakfast, dinner, baths.
Prince of Wales: 15s. inner rooms inclusive as above and also of garage accommodation; 16s. 6d. rooms facing the Stray.
Queen Hotel: 18s. inclusive, comfortable bedroom, breakfast, dinner, and baths.
Also Queen's Hotel, Leeds: 14s. 6d. bed and breakfast and private bath; dinner in the Grill Room, 5s. 6d.

"Bystander" Northern Foursomes N.P.F.A. Competition (7th Year)

Holder of Challenge Trophy: Miss H. M. Robertson.

In conjunction with the Bystander Northern Foursomes, a Score Competition, open only to entrants for the Foursomes, and those on the waiting-list, will be held, by the courtesy of the Club, at Sand Moor during the Foursomes, for the Challenge Trophy kindly presented by Mrs. Dunlop Hill. Half-a-crown entrance for the first card, 1s. for each subsequent card. The whole of these fees will be sent to the N.P.F.A.; 25% to the Yorkshire branch if the total exceeds £10.

The Trophy will be given for the best card, singles, 18 holes under handicap, returned by a competitor who has been beaten prior to the semi-finals, or who entered for the Foursomes and was put on the waiting-list. A scratch prize will also be given

Competitors may take out and return as many cards as they wish from Tuesday, April 5th, to Friday, April 8th, inclusive. Starting arrangements will be posted at the Club.

Play under certified L.G.U. handicaps. The first card taken out each day counts as an L.G.U. Open Meeting score for reduction of handicap, which will take effect for subsequent rounds, provided the competitor has not played over the course earlier in the day.

Ties to be decided on the last nine holes; furtner ties on the last six, last three, or as the Golf Editor and the Sec., Sand Moor, may decide.

CONDITIONS

Joint handicaps for any couple limited to 30. L.G.U. Couples over the limit may compete on the limit. Handicap certificates to be shown before play, but the Bystander reserves the right to accept entries from players without L.G.U. handicaps.

Competitors may choose their own partners, and entries should be made in couples, stating handicaps, to reach Miss E. E. Helme, the Bystander Office, 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, not later than Friday, March 18th.

In the event of any player's partner failing, she may substitute another up to the time of starting play if she notifies Miss Helme of the change in writing as soon as possible.

Alteration of handicap should also be notified at once.

The Bystander reserves the right to close the entry list before March 18th should more than 128 couples enter, but will accept entries beyond 128 couples, and from these will fill any subsequent vacancies as far as possible.

Play under three-eighths of difference of combined handicaps, limited as above, in a knock-out match play tournament.

Halved matches to be played to a finish, strokes being taken at the same holes as in a complete round.

Challenge Cups (to be held for one year) and replicas will be given to the winners, and prizes to the runners-up and unsuccessful semi-finalists.

The Directors of the Bystander reserve to themselves the right to alter or amend any of these conditions, and the decision of the Golf Editor is final on all points.

SAND MOOR — NO ENTRANCE FEE

THE "BYSTANDER" LADIES' NORTHERN FOURSOMES (Sixteenth Year)

ENTRY FORM

To reach Miss E. E. Helme, the Bystander Office, 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, not later than Friday, March 18th.

The "Bystander" Ladies' Northern Foursomes—Sand Moor, on April 5th, 1938, and following days.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

Please enter
Mrs. / *Miss* .....

of .....*Club, L.G.U. Handicap* .....

Home Address .....

Telephone number .....

To play in the above handicap foursomes with

Mrs. / *Miss* .....

of .....*Club, L.G.U. Handicap* .....

Home Address .....

Telephone number .....

Please notify change of partner, handicap, or address in writing to Miss Helme, as above, or, after April 1st, to Prospect Hotel, Harrogate. Telegrams and Telephone: Helme, Harrogate 3015.

The "Bystander" Ladies' Monthly Golf Spoons and Yearly Challenge Cup

Open to members of clubs affiliated to the Ladies' Golf Union in Great Britain, Ireland and Overseas.

The Bystander awards thirty silver teaspoons in each L.G.U. Handicap Division every month, from April to September inclusive, for the best net scores relative to the Scratch Scores of the courses played on. From October to March inclusive fifteen spoons are given in each Division. Shortest handicaps win in the event of ties for last places.

One spoon is also given monthly for the best gross return of the month relative to the scratch score of the course, if such a card does not win a spoon under handicap. Ties to be won by the card returned against the higher scratch score, a further tie by the player with the longer handicap. Winning names and scores will appear in the second issue of the paper each month.

Only scores taken out and returned for L.G.U. handicap purposes (*i.e.*, in Open or County Meetings, L.G.U. Competitions, or as Extra Day scores) during the month are eligible for the competition.

Each card, or true copy, must be signed by the player's partner, and also by the Club Hon. Sec., who must certify the Scratch Score of the course.

The Golf Coupon from any issue of the Bystander during the current month must be attached to the first card sent in by each player during that month. Players may send in as many cards each month as the L.G.U. regulations allow them to take out, but no player can win more than one spoon during any one month, except that a player who wins in the Bronze Division can also subsequently win in the Silver.

Cards from players in Great Britain and Ireland must be sent to the Golf Editor, the Bystander Office, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, so that they reach her not later than the first day of the month following the one in which they are taken out.

Cards from players in the Dominions and from other Overseas clubs affiliated to the L.G.U. must be posted within one week of being taken out, accompanied by the coupon of the month then current in the country of posting. Such cards will be entered for the competition of the month in which they are received. A spoon will be given each month to the best card under handicap from an Overseas player if such card does not win a spoon in the ordinary way.

Yearly Challenge Cup

A Yearly Challenge Cup and memento will be awarded to the player winning the greatest number of Bystander spoons during the year, irrespective of which Division she is in and whether the spoons are handicap, scratch, or Overseas. In the event of a tie, the Cup will go to the player having the best net total on the scores with which she won the spoons: if a further tie, to the best single score, and if a further tie again, to the player whose worst winning score is the least bad.

January Results: Silver Division (18 and under)

Player.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handi-cap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Miss A. Moore	Huddersfield	85	11	74	77	3 below
Mrs. D. M. Hancock	Worksop	82	12	70	70	All Square
Mrs. Stidston	Hockley	90	18	72	72	" "
Mrs. A. V. Wilton	Walmer and Kingsdown	86	11	75	74	1 above
Mrs. J. R. Southwell	Bombay Presidency	87	15	72	71	1 "
Miss Mary Wall	Weston-super-Mare	78	3	75	73	2 "
Miss E. Ratcliffe	West Cornwall	87	11	76	73	3 "
Mrs. K. Anderton	Mere	95	17	78	75	3 "
Mrs. Swannell	Northampton	83	5	78	74	4 "
Mrs. N. Watson	Beverley	94	17	77	73	4 "
Mrs. M. Brooks	Morecambe	81	4	77	72	5 above
Miss E. Berts	Exmouth	88	11	77	71	6 "
Mrs. W. A. Dunn	Northampton	96	16	80	74	6 "
Miss K. Lindsey	Richmond Park	94	16	78	72	6 "
Miss B. Blasecheck	Richmond Park	90	11	79	72	7 "

Bronze Division (19 to 36)

Player.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handi-cap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Mrs. G. E. Kerr	Keppel, Singapore	88	29	59	70	11 below
Mrs. J. S. Ward	Bombay Presidency	91	27	64	71	7 "
Mrs. M. J. Smith	Bombay Presidency	96	32	64	71	7 "
Miss P. Maude	Moseley	104	36	68	74	6 "
Mrs. E. A. Elder	Keppel, Singapore	85	19	66	70	4 "
Mrs. Nelson	The Warren	106	36	70	74	4 "
Miss N. Sykes	Huddersfield	102	27	75	77	2 "
Mrs. A. C. Jones	Sandwell Park	100	29	71	73	2 "
Mrs. E. M. Moore	Bombay Presidency	100	31	69	71	2 "
Mrs. G. Davies	Ashburnham	93	20	73	74	1 "
Mrs. Stowers	Cuddington	99	24	75	76	1 "
Miss Royle	Belton Park	99	26	73	73	All square
Mrs. Collins	Kingsthorpe	94	19	75	74	1 above
Mrs. Stanborough	Shirley Park	97	23	74	73	1 "
Mrs. F. H. Wallace	Belton Park	99	25	74	73	1 "

All entries for the Bystander *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* Bystander *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* Bystander, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON — FEBRUARY

Name *Mrs.* / *Miss* .....

Address .....

.....

Printed in England by The Illustrated London News & Sketch, Ltd., Milford Lane, Strand, London, W.C.2, and Published Weekly by Illustrated Newspapers, Ltd. at 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.—Wednesday, February 23, 1938. Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office.
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Planned for active youth and priced well within the scope of modest dress allowances are the Sports Coats you will find at Marshall and Snelgrove's. The jaunty three-quarter length Swagger pictured on this page is in Curlaine material in beige, brown and navy. It features the new collarless neckline and is made in three sizes - - - - - - **4** GUINEAS

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Getting Married: The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Lenare

Patricia Mary Adams

Is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Adams, of Soebang, Java, and Bourton-on-the-Water, Glos., and is engaged to Lt. Guy Slater, R.N., eldest son of Mr. S. H. Slater, of Guildford, and Mrs. A. F. Barton, of Cheveney, Yalding, Kent

Vandyk

Ursula Van der Kiste

Is the youngest daughter of Captain and Mrs. J. E. Van der Kiste, of Green Shutters, Lee-on-the-Solent, and is engaged to Lieut. John Francis Lewin, R.N., elder son of Captain and Mrs. F. H. L. Lewin, of Woodford Bridge, Essex

Lenare

Diana George

Is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Philip George, of Barrow Gurney, Somerset, and has announced her engagement to Brian Hamilton, of Allington Grange, near Chippenham, eldest son of Lt.-Comdr. and Mrs. A. H. J. Hamilton, of Littlewood, Sarisbury, Hants.

Lenare

Kathleen Mary Timpson

Is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Timpson, of Elm Road, Didsbury; she is engaged to Robert George Watson Ollerenshaw, elder son of Dr. and the late Mrs. Robert Ollerenshaw, of Broome House, Didsbury, Manchester

Lenare

Elizabeth Barbour

Is the eldest daughter of the late Major Robert Barbour and Mrs. Hamilton Carter, of Bolesworth Castle, Tattenhall, Chester; she is to marry Joe Buxton, third son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Fowell Buxton, of Easneye, Ware, and Smoo Lodge, Durness

Elliott & Fry

Dorothy Butler

Is the younger daughter of Sir Montagu and Lady Butler, of The Lodge, Pembroke College, Cambridge, and is engaged to Laurence Middleton, only son of the late A. E. N. Middleton and Mrs. Middleton, of 11a, St. John's Wood High Street, N.W.8

Pearl Freeman

Evelyn Hilder

Is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Clifton Hilder, of Ashbrook, Sevenoaks, Kent; she is engaged to Surgeon Lieut.-Comdr. Alec King Stevenson, son of the late Dr. A. K. Stevenson and Mrs. M. F. Stevenson, of Portrush, Ireland

Pearl Freeman

Mary Willoughby-Osborne

Is the eldest daughter of the late Col. A. Willoughby-Osborne and Mrs. Willoughby-Osborne, of Woodend, Hinksey Hill, Oxford; she is to marry Robert Henry Dale, only son of Sir Henry and Lady Dale, of Mount Vernon House, Hampstead

Pearl Freeman

Margaret Elizabeth Jones

Is the younger daughter of the late Mr. B. Frank and Mrs. B. Frank Jones, of 1a, Harrington Court, S.W.7, and is to marry Laurence Nelson Smith, youngest son of the late Major-General J. B. Smith and Mrs. Smith, of Perrymead, Fleet, Hants.

Bassano

Kathreen Mary Reynolds

Is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Francis Reynolds, of Clumber Lodge, Formby; she is to marry Peter Ridge Marsh, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Atkin L. Marsh, of The Pines, Formby, Lancashire

Pearl Freeman

Nancy Phillips

Is the youngest daughter of the late Commander and Mrs. Markham Phillips, of 19, Pembroke Place, W.8, and is engaged to Gilbert Bowditch, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Bowditch, of Buenos Aires

Reinhildt Rehbinder

Baroness Reinhildt Hilda Henriette Reinholdtsdotter Rehbinder, elder daughter of Baron and Baroness C. R. Rehbinder, of Skövde, Sweden, is engaged to Ian Stuart Rae Bruce, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Bruce, of Garth House, Tunbridge Wells

Cropper — Clutterbuck

Anthony Charles Cropper, only son of Mr. and Mrs. James Cropper, of Ellergreen, Kendal, Westmorland, married Philippa Mary Gloria Clutterbuck, daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Maurice Clutterbuck, of Windmill House, Rowington, Warwickshire, at St. Mary's, Warwick

Asher — Barclay

John MacGillivray Asher and Ann Dorothy Barclay were married at the Temple Church. He is the barrister son of Mr. and Mrs. John Asher, of Perth; she is the elder daughter of the Rev. G. H. and Mrs. Barclay, of Great Hallard Rectory, Essex

Eastwood — Rollo

At St. Columba's, Pont Street, David Eastwood, only son of Col. and Mrs. R. J. C. Eastwood, of 8, Alfred Place, S.W.7, married Mrs. Phyllis Susie Rollo, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Sanderson, of White Roding, Essex

Crichton — Holgate

Charles McVeagh Crichton, elder son of the late Major McVeagh Crichton and Mrs. Crichton, and Gwendolyn Anna Holgate, daughter of the late Henry Holgate and Mrs. Holgate, of Granville House, Granville Place, W.7, were married at St. Clement Danes, Strand

Nash — Spencer

Richard Grainger Jeune Nash, of 24, Queen's Close, Esher, Surrey, son of the late R. G. Nash and Mrs. C. W. Follis, and Gladys Marjorie Spencer, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Spencer, of 6, Park Avenue, Bromley, Kent, were married at Christ Church, Victoria Road

Du Bois, Chicago

Crawfurd-Price — Jefferies

Allan Crawfurd-Price, son of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Harrington Crawfurd-Price, of 85, Gloucester Place, W.1, married Helen Jefferies in Chicago. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Moore Jefferies, of Highland Park, Illinois, U.S.A.

Scoular — Fisher

James Murray Scoular, son of the late Robert Scoular, and Mrs. P. Foreman, of Tunbridge Wells, and Agnes Mary Fisher, eldest daughter of Mr. Noel Fisher, J.P., of Harpenden, Selangor, Federated Malay States, were married at Chelsea Old Church

Wellesley — Saunders

Lt. Frederick Henry Valerian Wellesley, Duke of Wellington's Regt., only son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. F. H. B. Wellesley, o Colmer, Modbury, Devon, and Nancy Evelyn Saunders, younger daughter of Mr. Percy Saunders, Town Clerk of Halifax, and Mrs. Saunders were married at Halifax Parish Church

Banham — Ingram

At St. Albans Cathedral, Andrew Roy Banham, F.R.C.S., son of Dr. and Mrs. S. M. Banham, of Warmington Manor, Banbury, married Pamela Mary Ingram, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Ingram, of 23, Jennings Road, St. Albans

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

February 23—March 1

First Night and Matinèe dates are correct at time of going to press, but readers are advised to check them with their dailies

THEATRES

Comedy and Tragedy

AUTUMN.—A dramatic plot overladen with jealousy gives Flora Robson, Wyndham Goldie and Victoria Hopper the chances that they all take: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

BLACK LIMELIGHT.—Margaret Rawlings has a strong part round which pivots an intelligent and effective thriller: Duke of York's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

BLACK SWANS.—A pre-war family is the setting for some excellent fooling by Richard Bird, Sophie Stewart, Thea Holme, and others: Apollo, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

DODSWORTH.—Gladys Cooper and Philip Merivale in Sinclair Lewis's matrimonial play: Palace, 8.30. Sat., 2.30.

I HAVE BEEN HERE BEFORE.—Priestley's finest play inspires Wilfrid Lawson to great acting; Patricia Hilliard, Lewis Casson, William Fox contribute notably: Royalty, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE INNOCENT PARTY.—Mary Ellis plays a temperamental foreign wife to Cecil Parker's stolid Englishman: St. James's, 8.40. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE ISLAND.—Officers under fire from wives' tongues find it a strain to be always gentlemen; excellent background for a strong man by Godfrey Tearle; and other good portrayals: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

MARY GOES TO SEE.—Marie Tempest goes to America to see, and sets things to rights, as usual: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MIRABELLE.—A farcical comedy which could go quicker, with Jack Melford and Iris Baker: Vaudeville, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

MOURNING BECOMES ELECTRA.—Eugene O'Neill's sombre trilogy has a grim and exciting tale of fate with brilliant acting by Beatrix Lehmann supported by Robert Harris and Laura Cowie: New, 7 (not Mon. or Fri.). Mon., Fri., 2.30.

OTHELLO.—Ralph Richardson as the Moor, Laurence Olivier as Iago, Curigwen Lewis as Desdemona: Old Vic, 8. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

ROBERT'S WIFE.—Edith Evans and Owen Nares, well supported, in a sincere and stimulating exposition of careers *v.* married happiness, by St. John Ervine: Globe, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THANK YOU, MR. PEPYS.—The diarist played by Edmund Gwenn is shown as a great, not petty, man in the service of King Charles (Barry Barnes): Savoy, 8.30. Mon., Sat., 2.30.

THE THREE SISTERS.—A strong, sensitive production of Chekhov with Carol Goodner, Peggy Ashcroft, Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies as the three, Gielgud as Vershinin, Redgrave as Tusenbach: Queen's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TIME AND THE CONWAYS.—Priestley's play has almost a Russian tang and a curious time trick; not popular fare, but provocative, with Jean Forbes-Robertson and Barbara Everest: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

VICTORIA REGINA.—This episodic domestic history of a royal couple is superb stagecraft; Pamela Stanley excellent as Victoria, settings by Whistler: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

WELCOME STRANGER.—Harry Green in an amusing play about an inventor and his backer: Saville, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

WHITEOAKS.—Full of human values, this long-runner is about a family dominated by its grand-matriarch (Nancy Price): Playhouse (not Mon.), 8.30. Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

Singing and Dancing

BALALAIKA.—The colourful musical long-runner, with Muriel Angelus and Clifford Mollison, goes back to its first home: Adelphi, 6.20 and 9.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.—Jill Esmond and Anne Leslie as boy and girl; Albert Burdon and Clarkson Rose for comedy: Lyceum, 2 and 7.30.

GOING GREEK.—Leslie Henson and his faithful Gaiety company are above their own high standard in this riotous musical: Gaiety, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

HIDE AND SEEK.—A musical with all the virtues and vices of its kind; Cicely Courtneidge, Bobby Howes, and an excellent chorus being of the former: Hippodrome, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

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LONDON RHAPSODY.—The Crazy Gang is up to its old tricks in a number of rhapsodic or otherwise scenes: Palladium, 6.15 and 9. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

ME AND MY GIRL.—Lupino Lane and George Graves hand out laughs generously in the lowdown on high-life: Victoria Palace, 6.20 and 9.

NINE SHARP.—Herbert Farjeon's intimate revue is witty and 85 per cent. bull's-eye hits, and the cast is headed by Hermione Baddeley and Cyril Ritchard: Little, 9 sharp. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE No. 101.—Unique and intimate style of entertainment in a cosy theatre; ballet, humour, song and slapstick are mixed topically with revudebelles to flavour: Windmill, 1.30-11.30 non-stop.

ST. MORITZ.—Pamela Prior heads the skating and other stars in this winter sports spectacle with a real ice stage: Coliseum, 2.30 and 8.15.

On the Revudeville Ladder

In fact, at its top. Six years ago Doris Barry and Edna Wood joined the chorus of the sparkling Windmill show, are now its leading ladies

Mirth and Mystery

FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS.—Rex Harrison and Gertrude Musgrove lead the hilarious cast in this long-running laughter-maker: Criterion, 8.40. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

GEORGE AND MARGARET.—Jane Baxter and Ronald Ward, Noel Howlett and Joyce Barbour lead the cast in a roaring comedy in which nothing happens: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

HOUSEMASTER.—Ian Hay's joyful school-life comedy continues with Patrick Curwan, J. H. Roberts, John Ford: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

I KILLED THE COUNT.—A new mixture of thriller and love-story, with a large, good cast: Whitehall, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ROOM SERVICE.—Hartley Power heads an American cast in a coarse, hoarse farce which makes the actors and audience roar: Strand, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THIS MONEY BUSINESS.—A family comedy with Antoinette Cellier, Henry Kendall and Diana Beaumont: Garrick, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

First Nights

LAND'S END.—Cathleen Nesbitt, Alan Napier and Cecil Trouncer in a play of isolated Cornish life: Westminster, to-night, 23rd.

SURPRISE ITEM.—Marius Goring in a Kipps-like part, Valerie Taylor as his lode-star: Ambassadors, Thurs., 24th.

CINEMAS

THE BROKEN JUG (German).—Emil Jannings in a strong humorous part from Dutch folklore: Berkeley.

THE BUCCANEER (American).—Another vast de Mille canvas of the pirate (Fredric March) who saved America from the English: Carlton.

UN CARNET DE BAL (French).—Duvivier directed this first-prize film; a bitter-sweet story; Françoise Rosay, Rainer, Harry Baur, Pierre Blanchar: Studio One.

EVERYBODY SING (American): Empire.

LA GRANDE ILLUSION (French).—A trilingual film that knocks Hollywood silly with its skill and artistry, showing life in and escape from a war prison camp in Germany; Gabin, Fresnay, von Stroheim: Academy.

THE HURRICANE (American).—Jon Hall, Dorothy Lamour in an exciting South Seas spectacle: Odeon.

IT'S LOVE I'M AFTER (American).—Wonderfully funny triangle by Bette Davis, Leslie Howard, Olivia de Havilland: Marble Arch Pavilion.

LANCER SPY (American).—George Sanders, Dolores del Rio, Peter Lorre, Joseph Schildkraut, and Virginia Field in this: Regal.

LA MORT DU CYGNE (French).—A ballet school is the setting, a young dancer's passion is the theme; beautifully set and photographed: Curzon.

NOTHING SACRED (American).—Fredric March as a hot reporter, Walter Connolly as his editor, Carole Lombard as the girl who provides copy—and romance: London Pavilion.

THE RAT (British).—Anton Walbrook plays a fascinating dangerous man of the Paris underworld, Ruth Chatterton a society girl who gets mixed up with him: Plaza.

SUBMARINE D-1 (American).—An under-water drama with a confused plot; Pat O'Brien, Wayne Morris, George Brent: Gaumont.

TOVARICH (American).—Excellent film version of the stage success has Charles Boyer, Claudette Colbert, Basil Rathbone, Isabel Jeans in it: Tivoli.

YOU 'RE A SWEETHEART (American).—Alice Faye is the sweetheart in an amusing piece about a Broadway stage venture: Leicester Square.

Premiere

SNOW-WHITE AND THE DWARFS (American).—Disney's biggest cartoon, from Grimm, makes its European début at the New Gallery, Thurs., 24th, 8.30.

OPERA and BALLET

SADLER'S WELLS:

CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA and GIANNI SCHICCHI.—To-night, 23rd, 8.

BARABAU, BLUE BIRD PAS DE DEUX, POMONA, LAC DES CYGNES, ACT III.—Thurs., 24th, 8.30.

DON GIOVANNI.—Fri., 25th, 7.45.

COPPELIA, APPARITIONS.—Sat., 26th, 2.30.

CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA and GIANNI SCHICCHI.—Sat., 26th, 8.

LORD OF BURLEIGH, HOROSCOPE, BLUE BIRD PAS DE DEUX, NOCTURNE.—Tues., 1st, 8.30.

MUSIC

Recital

MOISEIWITSCH.—A Chopin-Liszt recital: Palladium, Sun., 27th, 3.15.

Concerts

B.B.C. CONCERT.—The orchestra under Boult gives first English performance of Malipiero's 2nd Symphony; also Brahms' 4th and Rachmaninoff's piano concerto in D minor (Egon Petri): Queen's Hall, to-night, 23rd, 8.15.

L.P.O. CONCERT.—Weingartner conducts in Weber's "Freischütz" overture, Brahms' 3rd and Schubert's 7th Symphonies; Queen's Hall, Thurs., 24th, 8.15.

BEECHAM SUNDAY CONCERT.—The L.P.O. and Sidney Beer in a programme to be announced: Covent Garden, 27th, 3.15.

FAUST.—Fairbairn's musical dramatic spectacle: Albert Hall, nightly at 8 (till Saturday).

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"*Concussion my fetlock! The match was child's play to the party afterwards. Never saw such hospitality — must have been casks of it. Oh, what a head I've got. If they gave caps for hangovers I'd be an International.*"

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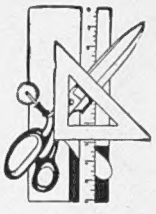

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"Bystander" £500 Golf Trophy

Week-End Amateur Tournament for Men

The Sixth Annual Open Amateur Tournament under handicap, for the "Bystander" £500 Trophy and other prizes will be played at

WESTON-SUPER-MARE

on March 19th and 20th, 1938

(Headquarters: The Grand Atlantic Hotel)

The "Bystander" £500 Golf Trophy

Holder: **R. H. Romyn (Bridlington G.C.)**

• Conditions

Play will be for the BYSTANDER £500 Trophy and other prizes.

Every competitor will play a medal round on Saturday morning, March 19th.

When cards have been returned the competitors will be divided into sections of eight players each.

The best two returns from the first quarter of the draw, the best two returns from the second quarter of the draw, and the best four returns from the bottom half of the draw will constitute the Trophy eight, and the players returning these cards will compete for the Trophy by match play under handicap.

The first rounds will be played on the Saturday afternoon and the semi-finals and finals on the Sunday.

The remaining eights will be constituted and play in a similar manner to the Trophy eight.

Ties will be decided on the last nine holes, and if there is still a tie the eighteenth hole shall decide; and failing that, the seventeenth, sixteenth, etc.

Every competitor must qualify in some section or other, and is assured of a full day's play on the Saturday. Moreover, half the original entry will be engaged in the competition proper on the Sunday, and there will be a Bogey Competition for those who have been defeated on the Saturday.

A copy of the draw for the medal round on Saturday, March 19th will be posted to each competitor on March 14th.

All disputes will be decided by the Committee in charge of the competition, and its decision shall be final.

Rule 35 of the Rules of Golf does not apply to this competition.

• Railway and Hotel

Arrangements for the Week-End

Railway:

No special tickets will be issued. The first-class monthly return from Paddington is 36/3.

Hotel:

Headquarters will be at the GRAND ATLANTIC HOTEL, where special terms for competitors have been arranged as follows:

From dinner on Friday night till afternoon tea on Sunday night—34/-.

From dinner on Friday night till breakfast on Monday morning—45/-, each inclusive.

These prices include room, bath, breakfast, luncheon, tea, and dinner.

• Entries

Entries are now being accepted, and should be sent on the entry form published herewith to the Golf Editor, the BYSTANDER, Kingshill, Sunningdale, Berks.

Competitors must play off their lowest club handicap.

Any competitor whose handicap is altered after he has forwarded his entry must notify the Golf Editor of the BYSTANDER at the Grand Atlantic Hotel, Weston-super-Mare, by noon on March 18th.

The BYSTANDER reserves the right to refuse an entry without giving any reason whatsoever for so doing.

ENTRY FORM • Entrance Fee 5/-

"Bystander" £500 Golf Trophy

To be played at Weston-Super-Mare on Saturday, March 19th and Sunday, March 20th

Entries close when the list is full or on March 5th

IN BLOCK LETTERS.

Surname..... Initials.....

Club..... Lowest Handicap .....

Address .....

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Telephone No.....

I shall be playing with..... in the qualifying round.

I require a partner for the qualifying round.
(Strike out one of these.)

I enclose entrance fee of 5s. and a handicap certificate.

(Signed) .....